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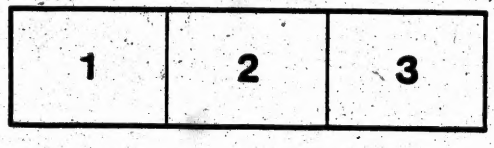

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THE

COLD-WATER-MAN:

OR,

A POCKET COMPANION FOR THE TEMPERATE.

BY DOCTOR SPRINGWATER,

OF

NORTH AMERICA.

No quarter for those who drink much or little. If there were no moderate drinkers, there would be no drunkards.

TAKE BACK THE BOWL.

Take back—take back this odious bowl!
For though it look so bright and clear,
There's death within it to the soul—
To all that's high and noble here.

Take back—take back the poisonous draught,
I dare not thus destroy my mind!
For though I oft have o'er it laugh'd,
It ever left a sting behind.

Take back—take back this fiendish drink,
It was not made for such as I;
And O, you cannot make me think
That I shall want it when I die.

O take it back!—I'd rather have
You plunge a dagger in my breast;
This would but lay me in the grave—
That, rob me of eternal rest. *Literary Inquirer.*

ST. CATHARINES, U. C.
PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY JOHN MARSH.
1834.

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H. Leavenworth, Printer.

1834.

PRELIMINARIES.

I. THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

Go, little book, into this drunken world of ours. Frown upon drunkards. Reprove, most sharply, him who makes them. If possible, snatch from impending ruin the moderate drinker. Deal faithfully with all. Scatter truth over the world, however unpalatable it may be to the million. While travelling your unprotected round, you will often meet with sneers and ridicule and contempt. The very name stamped on your forehead, will lead some to abuse you. The truth which you tell will enrage others. Some, in secret, will manifest the most virulent hatred both to you and your message; while, in publick, they will be loudest in your praise. Occasionally you will be smiled upon. Sometimes you will be embraced with the most enthusiastick affection. But, notwithstanding all this variety of treatment with which you must meet, go; enter this rude, unfriendly world, fearlessly and alone. And may that God who, with the world of means at his disposal, when the mighty Samson was fatigued and fainting with thirst, refreshed him with a draught of cold water, go with you, and prosper you in assisting to banish from the earth, the ordinary use of ardent spirits.

II. DEDICATION.

To the Whole Civilized World,

THIS LITTLE ANTI-GETTING-DRUNK BOOK

IS DEDICATED BY THE

AUTHOR.

August, 1832.

III. PROEM.

Perhaps I may be charged with exaggerating the evils of drunkenness, and of the use of ardent spirits. But I am satisfied the half has not been told. The half never can be told. If the drunkard takes up these pages, he must expect to be handled "without gloves." If he thinks he will be dissatisfied with rough unceremonious treatment, he had better lay down this little book before he begins to read it. It knows not how to flatter. Should it fall into the hands of him who takes a *little*, because a little will do him *no harm*, or because, while in health a *little*, as he fancies, will do him *some good*, we tell him beforehand that he will, before he reads it through, dash it on the floor in a rage, unless he becomes a convert to the principles it advocates. Those who call entire abstinence, temperance, will find at least, a portion of their sentiments, and the evidence in favour of them, briefly stated. They will also find the leading objections against temperance and temperance societies, mentioned and answered. Those who make objections have been treated as tenderly as the nature of the argument and of their objections would permit. The facts stated in this work are derived from documents of the most unquestionable authority, or have come under the personal observation of the writer. In relation to the few quotations made in these pages, it may be remarked, that persons qualified to criticise know where to find them. Those who are not qualified for this cynical task, will be excused from it by the

AUTHOR.

Note.—Many of the remarks made in this little book, concerning the use of ardent spirits, may, in their fullest extent, be applied to the habitual use of all narcotick or stupifying substances, such as tobacco, opium in all its preparations, &c.

THE COLD-WATER-MAN.

PART FIRST.

THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

I. *Its Extent.*

INTEMPERANCE has long been the crying sin of our land. It is a demon of destruction. Its very breath withers every blossom of temporal happiness, and destroys the last lingering hope of bliss beyond the grave. When, with bloated face, and haggard eyes, and pestilential breath, it passes over any land, though all before it may be fair as the garden of Eden, the blank of moral desolation will be spread over all in its train. Like a tide of liquid fire, it has rolled over our country.—Every excellence within its reach has drooped, and faded, and died. No class of our citizens has been exempt from its baneful influence. It has found its way into every department of civil society. Intemperance has staggered into the workshops of industry. Its touch has paralyzed every effort of the mechanick to become a useful and respectable citizen. It has approached the bed of distress, and with trembling nerves, distracted thoughts, and more than half deranged intellect, it has attempted to administer the healing balm to those whom sickness has brought to the borders of the grave. It has stood at the bar pretending to plead the cause of innocent, suffering virtue. It has sat on that bench where stern, unyeilding justice should always sit, and pronounce sentence against those very crimes which are the legitimate offspring of intemperance. It has entered the sanctuary of the farmer's happiness; and all pure, unaffected, substantial pleasures have fled before it. It has found its way into our legislative halls, and there, with a ridiculously affected sobriety and gravity, it has attempted to deliberate on the affairs of state. It has been seen in the lady's parlour, preying upon the very vitals of all that innocence, good sense, kindness and affection, which alone can throw an

irresistible charm around those whose enviable lot it is to divide the sorrows and double the joys of human life. It has extended its evils even farther than this. Judas-like, it has appeared among the disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ. It has wept the crocodile-tear, while the friends of the Redeemer have agonized in prayer for the salvation of sinners. It has even entered the sacred desk, and there, in the name of the great Jehovah, preached the solemn truth, that the "drunkard shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."

Thus we see that this irreptitious monster has already begun to suck the life-blood of the nation, to undermine the corner stone of society, to throw the cold blank of desolation over the warm and generous feelings of the heart, to freeze up the fountain of kindness in the soul, to make the heart colder than a mountain of ice and harder than a rock of adamant, to put an extinguisher on vital piety, and to spread an impenetrable gloom over all beyond the grave. The horrour-stricken conscience of those who have madly and voluntarily fallen victims to it, must render this gloom doubly dismal. Since intemperance, when held up to view in its naked deformity, is evidently such a destructive monster, where is the man that would not use all his influence to banish it from his neighbourhood? Since it is such a sea of liquid fire rolling over our land, withering and destroying in its course, whatever is excellent, where is the individual that will not do something to stay its progress, that will not strive to plant before it a barrier which it cannot pass, and which shall remain unmoved as a diamond pyramid in the waste of time, while rolling years are passing by? Who that does not hate his fellow creatures with perfect hatred, will refuse to assist in staying the ravages of such an evil as intemperance? Who that has the least particle of good feeling for man, will not strive to banish it from our land?

Note.—In the U. States there are 300,000 habitual drunkards, 200,000 occasional drunkards, 400,000 hard drinkers, and several millions of self-styled temperate drinkers. What a picture of moral depravity! These several numbers, no doubt, fall short of the truth. Let any one enumerate the habitual drunkards, &c. in the circle of his own acquaintance, and ask himself, if that number give so many drunkards and drinkers, how many will be found, according to the same proportion, in 13,000,000 of persons, or in the whole United States? Unless the person making the calculation, lives in a very favoured neighbourhood, he will discover a fearful increase to the numbers mentioned in this note. In this way the accuracy of every numerical statement made in this book may be tested.

II. *It Wastes Property.*

The evils of intemperance are incalculably great and numerous. The fortune of the intemperate man melts away, he knows not how. Whatever is valuable in his estate, soon finds its way into the possession of others. Like a sieve, he soon scatters what is desirable, and retains only what is worthless as chaff.

The amount of money wasted or worse than wasted for ardent spirits,* in the United States, is most astonishing. What is paid for this one destructive article in this country, would more than pay all our taxes of every description. The money given for ardent spirits, (the very thought of which ought to make us tremble,) would more than support our government, our ministers of religion of every denomination, our colleges, our academies, our common schools. It would in ten years, give a farm of a hundred acres of the best unimproved land to every family in the United States. It would in a few months pay the publick debt. It would, in a short time, give a bible to every family on earth. It would soon send a missionary of the cross to every dark corner of this our sinful, guilty, miserable world. It would feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and heal the sick. It would light up a smile on the cheek of distress, and carry consolation into the dwelling where poverty resides. To have the supreme felicity of planting pleasure in every heart, of spreading joy on every countenance, of scattering the light of revelation on the darkness of paganism, of dispelling the impenetrable gloom that rests on all beyond the grave, and of pointing sinners to eternal happiness, will surely more than counterbalance that pitiable pleasure, (if it deserve the name,) which men find in drinking distilled spirits. When we consider the enormous tax which tipplers of every description pay, we will no longer marvel when we hear them complain of "hard times," when we see them or their children in rags, or learn that they refuse to give a shilling to promote any cause which has for its end the good of mankind. The drunkard's property goes. It does no good, but much evil.—Who would be willing to spend his money merely for the sake of injuring himself and others? Let such and such only exchange it for that most ruinous of all the inventions of wicked men, spirituous liquors.†

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*Nearly 150 millions of dollars in time and money, are spent annually in the United States for spirituous liquors.

†It was discovered by an Arabian chymist, in the beginning of the tenth century, according to Dr. Mussey.

The money spent in the purchase of ardent spirits is a dead loss to the community. Few individuals gain in a given time, say ten years, by the traffick in this article. It is perfectly evident, that the individual who purchases distilled liquor for his own use or that of his friends, gains nothing, but actually loses the price of the liquor, the time wasted in procuring and drinking it, together with the decrease of the amount of labour which his workmen perform by using it. Every man who has tried the experiment on himself or others, knows that the same man will perform a greater amount of labour and do his work better, in a given time, without tasting alcoholick liquors than with. It is then undeniably certain that he who purchases ardent spirits, that he may consume them himself or give them to others, is not a gainer but a loser by this traffick.

The vender is also a loser by it. A prudent man who desired to spend ten years in trading, would open his store in a neighbourhood where all the inhabitants were sober and industrious, rather than in one where all were intemperate, idle and slothful. Why would he do this? The answer of every one would be, because the custom of the sober, industrious neighbourhood is the most desirable, as well as the most profitable. Whatever therefore has a tendency to diminish the sobriety and industry of persons, diminishes, whenever it operates, the profits of their custom.

In ten years the drunkard would not earn the one-fourth part of the amount of property that he would do, were he to keep sober. Suppose then that a sober man would earn two hundred dollars a year. He might spend one hundred of this sum in purchasing the necessaries and comforts of life for himself and his family; while the other hundred might be devoted to charitable purposes, or laid up in store. Now suppose the same man to become a drunkard, he would then earn fifty dollars a year. He could spend this sum and no more. The one-half or more might run down his throat in the form of alcohol, and the other might keep his half naked family from starving to death. Fifty dollars, however, being the whole of his earnings, would be all that could possibly find its way into the merchant's hands. Whatever the drunkard purchased beyond the amount of fifty dollars, must of necessity remain unpaid. The sober man would trade a hundred dollars a year and the drunkard fifty. Which would be the best customer, if the latter made no bad debts?

Should an individual spend but one dollar in a year in purchasing ardent spirits, he would not only waste the dollar for which he might have obtained some useful article, but the time spent in purchasing and using the liquor, is wasted also; and

by receiving it into his system, he is rendered incapable of performing so great an amount of labour as he could have accomplished without it; hence if he had not purchased the dollar's worth of liquor, his pecuniary ability would have been such, that he might have purchased to the amount of at least two or three dollars in other articles. It is evident, therefore, that the vender of ardent spirits is the loser as well as the purchaser. Let every store, and tavern, and grocery, then, wholly disgorge this article. Let the black seal of eternal reprobation be placed on the door of every dram-shop on earth. Let every distillery become food for the flames, and sink down to the bottom of the sea of unending forgetfulness. Let oblivion throw its veil of silence over all the manufactories of drunkards that yet pollute our land. Let their very name be forgotten. Nothing is gained but much lost by the traffick in ardent spirits. Let it, therefore, be for ever abandoned by all men of integrity.

III. *It destroys Health.*

Intemperance is the very mother of disease. He who, in ordinary health, uses distilled spirits, receives into his system, that which makes a slow but certain progress towards the fountain of life. Its effects are awfully fatal. It benumbs the nerves, deranges the organs of sensation and perception, injures the chyle and other fluids of the body, agitates and hardens the brain, indurates the liver, deranges the nervous system, stupifies the senses, kills the kind and generous feelings of the soul, and produces a host of diseases, or gives the tippler a predisposition to them. The diseases to which ardent spirits predispose him who uses them, are so numerous that it would require almost a pandect on medicine to name and describe them. The most alarming of these is the "delirium tremens," the very thought of which is dreadful, is shocking to humanity. When disease seizes on an intemperate person, it usually baffles the exertions of the most skilful physician, and terminates in death. What would scarcely shake the constitution of a sober man, will almost always destroy the life of the intemperate.* Who, then, desires to be sick, and to have his disease terminate in death? Let such a person drink ardent spirits; and he will soon obtain his desire. Who is willing to die drunk? If any, let him use distilled liquor.

*In the United States, not less than 30,000 drunkards die annually. It is supposed, and not without reason, that the death of nearly one-third of the adults who die in this country, is produced or accelerated, either directly or indirectly, by intemperance.

The spirit of alcohol, regardless of the natural principles which govern the circulation of those fluids which nourish or refresh the human body, or support or carry vitality to its various parts, flies at once to the head and takes possession of the brain. This is literally true with regard to a large proportion of the spirit of distilled liquor which men drink. It is true, a comparatively small portion of it is diffused, like electricity, through every part of the system. But the greatest part flies to the brain, and when there, with all its power, strives to throw reason from its throne. How often it succeeds, he who tastes the cursed cup can tell. This is precisely the effect of the most fatal poisons: they, in general, do not tarry for the tardy movements of nature, but fly, at once, to the citadel of life and storm it, and the victim dies. Taste not that, the spirit of which, almost as soon as swallowed, enters the brain and begins its work of destruction.

But in addition to all this, the use of ardent spirits produces a disease of the stomach, which goes with the drunkard to his grave. His craving, insatiable appetite, unnatural in its production, as well as in its demands, deranges and racks his system, renders it unfit for healthy action, and causes it to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of a diseased state; for the stomach of him who uses distilled liquor, is, at first, sprinkled and soon afterwards covered with pustules and carbuncles. To sustain the vigour of this disease, it must be fed with such an aliment as its craving appetite demands. When this aliment is at first denied, the desire for it increases to such a degree, as to drive its unhappy victim almost to desperation.

But if the victim of this disease absolutely refuses to feed it, it will gradually lose strength, till it becomes so dormant, that he will scarcely, if at all, feel it. The moment however, he tastes alcohol, in any article, for any purpose, on any occasion, or in any quantity, the craving appetite for ardent spirits will begin again to rage; the disease, in all its strength, will return. It will find him off his guard, and in all probability will throw him into the drunkard's grave. Entire abstinence from all alcoholick drinks does not cure the disease called into existence by the ordinary use, in any quantity of ardent spirits. It only leaves it in a dormant state. It does not destroy the harpy that preys on the vitals; it only lays it asleep. A taste of alcohol will arouse it into vigorous action. Let those then who have been once overcome by this deadly foe, never suffer it again to enter their system.

The drunkard's horrid disease is partially hereditary. The children of habitual drunkards have a predisposition to intoxication. The dormant appetite for alcoholick poison, though

bereft of a portion of its power, is transmitted by drunken parents to their children. This is one reason among many others that might be adduced, to account for the fact, that the children of the intemperate so often become drunkards. Let those then who would not bring this fatal, incurable disease upon themselves, and transmit it to their children, cease to use ardent spirits which will produce it; and if they are already in the least infected with it, let them refuse to taste even fermented liquors; for these will feed, though some of them when unmixed with distilled spirits, will not of themselves, (except perhaps in very extraordinary cases,) produce the drunkard's appetite. They will not usually create the disease of drunkenness; but when it exists in a dormant state, they will call it into activity. Hence the inebriate, and no other, will get drunk on cider, beer, or on almost any fermented liquor. If then the drunkard would ever become a sober man, he must totally and for ever abandon the use both of distilled and fermented liquors. Reader, can you do this?

IV. *It produces Crime.*

Intemperance is a fruitful source of crime.* It boldly commits every enormity. It fills our jails, our penitentiaries, our publick prisons. It snatches the reins from reason, and places them under the control of passion. It induces idleness and dissipation of thought, together with derangement of intellect and unbridled, angry, mental agitation. It is no wonder then that almost all the crimes committed in our land, and especially those of the deepest dye and of the most crimson hue, should be perpetrated by the intemperate. Who is so hardened as to delight in crime? Let such only use this intoxicating poison.

V. *It leads to Poverty.*

Intemperance will clothe a man in rags. Poverty will soon throw its tattered garment round the person who needs the morning dram, the noon-day toddy and the evening sling.—Poverty having marked the intemperate for its own, pursues them through every walk of life. It drives them from the abodes of wealth into those of mere competency, from these into the cottage or hut, and then the wrecks of intemperance, (if they escape the paths which lead to human tribunals,) are

*Nearly or quite nine-tenths of the crimes committed in this country, can be traced to intemperance as their procuring cause.

crowded into our poor-houses. In these they are supported by those who can labour on *their own strength*. Of the 200,000 paupers which the United States have to support, at least 150,000 were thrown on publick charity by intemperance.—Let him who wishes to be poor and despised and an outcast from society, and a friendless, houseless child of want, drink spirituous liquors; and it is almost certain that in a short time he will be more degraded than the beasts that perish.—Who is so lost to all shame that he will suffer intemperance to make him a beggar? Who will? Why the tippler!

VI. *It murders Time.*

Moments are the chariot wheels of time. Carried on these, we are rapidly approaching eternity. The intemperate squander them away. Those spent in making, vending, procuring, or using this deleterious poison, fly on wings of lightning to the throne of God. There they tell the mournful tale, that they have been misimproved. Time deceives the intemperate. Every moment seems to them so much like its predecessor, that they mistake it for the same. The present moment wears the livery of the last which is "with the years beyond the flood." Thus though the intemperate fly as if carried on the wings of thought, towards eternity, they vainly think they are standing still. Hence they are lavish of their time. They squander moments. Oh, what madness! to waste what worlds want wealth to purchase. Let men, if they will, sacrifice gold and lands and crowns and countries and empires. Let them trust their own temporal happiness or that of their nearest and dearest friends, to the mercy of the wild tornado. Let them barter the world for a toy, or throw it from them "as a thing of nought." These are but trifles, play-things of children, valueless compared with time. On the proper improvement of this, the whole bliss of eternity rests. Let not man then, in the madness of his folly, throw time away. It is a precious treasure, which when gone can never again be ours. Who would waste this most precious blessing for that useless, nay worse than useless article, spirituous liquors?

VII. *It destroys Respectability and Usefulness.*

The too free use of ardent spirits destroys a man's respectability and influence in civil society. The wealth of a Crœsus, the talents of an angel, the halo of glory which sparkled for a time round the head of Alexander the Great, could not make an intemperate man respectable. His influence is al-

ways of little or no moment. Who, in any civilized community, looks up with reverence to an intemperate person? No matter what station he occupies, he is not respected as a friend, or his favour courted as one who is beloved. The opinions of a drunkard are generally worthless. They are seldom or never followed. The wise and good take no pleasure in his company. They pity him. They pray for him. They feel that he has already entered the vortex of dissipation. He soon discovers the estimation in which he is held by the respectable part of the community. With conscious inferiority, he shrinks back from the presence of men of sterling worth. He finds a place in the society of those who have sunk deep as himself in degradation and infamy and ruin. The drunkard has even fallen so low that disgrace itself often despises him. Let those then and those only, who would hazard their respectability and influence, sip occasionally that which certainly *will injure* and *may destroy* both, in the estimation of every wise and good man.

Little that is useful is ever accomplished by the drunkard. He seldom thinks of attempting to accomplish a laudable undertaking. To get drunk, and storm and rave, or act the part of a simpleton, and then sleep himself sober again, is the chief aim of the drunkard. If he did no harm in society, he would then be but a useless drone. Let every man who desires to be useful to his fellow-creatures, avoid the intoxicating bowl as he would the lowest depths of disgrace. An intemperate man cannot be useful, respectable or influential.

VIII. *It deteriorates Moral Feeling.*

Intemperance dries up the fountain of moral feeling in the breast of man. The intemperate person sees no excellence in social duties. Though loveliness might clothe them in its most delightful charms, he perceives not their beauty. He does not wish to increase the happiness of his fellow-beings. He delights not to see worldly prosperity throw its mantle over them. But he, both by precept and example, strives to lead old and young from the abodes of wealth, and of honour, and of usefulness, and of happiness, into those of poverty, and disgrace, and worthlessness, and misery. Intemperance has killed even his last wish to take a high, honourable stand among moral men. He does not perceive that even morality would raise him almost infinitely high above the level of the drunkard. Where is the person then that has a single [illegible]ark of moral feeling to warm his heart, that will not exert his every power to prevent intemperance from destroying it in others? What is

man, when his moral feeling has, through the influence of intoxicating liquor, degenerated into childish weakness, or become beastly ferocious? Let all who would cultivate moral feeling avoid the curse of curses, ardent spirits.

IX. *Intemperance is a Publick Evil.*

The intemperate man injures his country. Every reflecting person knows, that the drunkard, no less than others, is morally bound to promote good order, good morals, and social happiness: Because all, without exception, ought to do this.—But alas! what good does the drunkard do his country? We ought rather to ask, who can properly estimate the evil which he does? He voluntarily unfits himself for the proper discharge of any duty. In time of peace, he robs his country of the talents, and influence, and industry, and morality, and religion, of a good citizen. He throws upon the community a worthless drone, that lives on the labours of industry. He stalks about like a moral pestilence, scattering his vile contagion with every breath. He is a walking plague, a living death. He caters for hell. He recruits for the devil. Oh! what a deadly damp does he breathe on his country, when green-eyed jealousy, with a demon's heart, dares not plant a hostile foot upon its shores!

And what is the drunkard worth in the hour of danger?—Should war, with its fiend-like look, and "garments rolled in blood," appear in our land, and trumpet defiance to all resistance, who should we then find ready to make his breast his country's bulwark? He in whose just estimation liberty is valued "above all price," would meet the invading foe, with a heart of brass and a nerve of steel. He would contend with the enemy every inch of ground. Where liberty stopped, there he would stand. Where liberty fell, there he would fall.—Where liberty expired, there he would die. The destroyer of his country's liberty must march over his lifeless corpse, in order to take possession of what remained when liberty was no more. And can men, when engaged in a good cause, without distilled liquors, dash through the blood, and sweat, and dust, and confusion, and cries, and groans, and death of the battle-day? Can we imagine that a drunkard, who is a voluntary slave to his cups, has any real love for his country or liberty? When the demon of war appears to wrest that invaluable treasure from the hand of those who will live free or die, what can we hope from the intemperate? Shall we send them into the field of slaughter, there to be mown down in whole hecatombs by the scythe of death? Should a million of drunk-

ards stagger out to battle, they would give an easy but ignoble victory to a mere handful of such as can be, both temperate and brave. The use of ardent spirits breaks down the heart of courage. It destroys, in the drunkard, every noble and generous principle. He is unfit for that cool, calculating, determined bravery, which is so inconceivably useful on the field of battle. He therefore, in time of war, deprives his country of the courage, and wisdom, and fortitude, of a good soldier. Among a nation of drunkards, civil liberty could not exist. In such a community, the tree of liberty would soon wither and die. Who, then, that loves his country or civil liberty, will not bring the whole weight of his influence to prevent the evils of intemperance, to stay the progress of this sea of destruction, to stem this tide of moral death, which is transforming so many thousand good citizens into nuisances to society?

Intemperance not only unfits men to discharge their duties, either in peace or war, but drunkenness is itself a national disgrace. Every true American would feel hurt, to have a citizen of any other nation on earth point to a drunkard as he reels and staggers along the highway, belching out his half-uttered oaths, and say, with a sneer: "There goes an American." He would feel his lofty independent spirit sink, to see, on any publick occasion, a hundred or more drunkards patrolling the streets, while the stranger should say, in an under tone of voice, "The Americans are a nation of drunkards." Let us, at once, wipe off this national stigma from our national character, by refusing to use ardent spirits as a drink. Where is the man in whose veins a single drop of American blood flows, that will not throw from him the drunkard's cup untasted? What patriot would not feel honoured by assisting to remove from his country such a despicable stigma as drunkenness?

Even the moderate use of ardent spirits is evidently a national evil. This leads the soldier and mariner from one step to another in the road to disgrace, till the rope's end or drummer's scourge punishes them for their neglect of duty, or for the actual commission of crime. All who have any thing like an acquaintance with the army and navy, know that more than nine-tenths of the crimes committed by our seamen and soldiers may be traced to the moderate or immoderate use of distilled liquors, as their procuring cause. I love the soldier. I love the sailor. It wounds my heart to see that blood follow the lash, which he would voluntarily pour out for the salvation of his country. I detest the practice which leads the soldier whose heart pants after glory, into the paths of infamy. To quaff the poisoned bowl does this. Let the soldier then,

and the mariner, the protectors of their country's honour, avoid the ordinary use of ardent spirits in any quantity, as they would the painful scourge of disgrace. Who that loves his country can forbear to frown upon this national evil, this pest of society, this death of true courage, this canker-worm of liberty, this gangrene of publick honour—the use of distilled liquor?

X. *It is death to Religious Feeling.*

Intemperance, wherever it exists, destroys all true religious feeling. The solemn realities of eternity seldom make an abiding impression on the minds of the intemperate. Of the truth of this, the Christian, and especially the Christian minister, has fearful evidence. Should the preacher's reasoning on eternal things be powerful as that of the half angelick Newton, it would carry no conviction to the drunkard's mind. Should truth flash on the intellectual powers of all around, like the bright blaze of the noon-day sun, his soul would remain enveloped in the dark gloom of moral midnight. Did persuasion, like the honey of eloquence, flow from the tongue of the messenger of mercy, he could not chain the attention of the intemperate. Should he paint virtue in all its attractive charms, the tippler would not perceive its loveliness. Did he, as with a pencil of light, portray the undying bliss that religion can give, he could not make the drunkard feel. Should he, with the light of revelation in his hand, point the intemperate man to the dark shades of eternal death, the terrifick sight would not make him tremble. Were the cover removed from hell's burning mouth; could he with the eyes of his understanding discover the wretched inhabitants of that world of wo, drinking liquid fire mingled with the venom of the damned; did he perceive them tossed upon a sea of flame, lashed into fury by the tremendous storm of divine wrath; should he behold the worm that never dies, making its eternal feast on the very vitals of their immortal souls; did he discover infernal spirits robed in burning brimstone, wailing in inconceivable agony; should he hear the fearful yells of the lost, or see them writhing in anguish in hopeless despair, amid the eternal folds of the old serpent, sin, in the undying embrace of endless death, the drunkard's ruin-seared conscience would not be horrour-stricken. In view of all this misery, wretchedness and wo, it would not give the alarm. It would scarcely feel the sting of guilt. His judgement would convince him that his present course must terminate in endless torment, in that place where hope never comes, and where God has for ever forgotten to be gracious. But notwithstanding all this, he would still stagger

on down through the broad road towards that prison of sorrow, and hopelessness, and agony, on the threshold of which is written in characters of flame, "no departure hence."

On the drunkard's cold unfeeling heart, the joys of heaven make as little impression as the terrours of hell. Should the ambassador for Christ throw open the very gates of heaven; should he in the unvarnished language of inspiration itself, describe the glories of the upper world; should he point the intemperate to that kingdom which shall never end, or speak to them of that crown which shall sparkle with gems of immortality, when earth and all its empires shall cease to be; should he lead them on the wings of thought to the very portals of eternal bliss, and show them the robe of righteousness with which the saints in heaven are clothed; should the melodious harmony of the New Jerusalem strike their listening ear; should all the unalloyed delight that happiness and holiness, and reconciliation with God, can give, be presented to their mind, their frozen hearts, with all the bliss of heaven in view, would feel no pleasure, no gratitude, no rapturous emotion. The glorious author of such boundless, such ineffable bliss, calls to them in vain for a sincere manifestation of love to him, the Lord of all. No spark of genuine love has left its calm, consoling delight in their bosom. No, the withering breath of intemperance has blighted their every religious feeling. Its cold paralyzing touch has frozen up the fountain of kindness in their soul. It has closed every avenue to their heart. Intemperance throws the chill of death over every religious feeling of the soul. The drunkard's heart is colder than that clammy, icy touch which freezes up the fountain of life in man, and drives his soul from its clay tenement into eternity. Over it, desolation has spread its most fatal blank. From it, whatever is truly excellent has made its escape.—Where then is the person in whose bosom a single spark of religious feeling or love to man is found, that will deliberately use his influence and spend his time in assisting to make his fellow creatures drunkards, by drinking, or making, or vending ardent spirits? Who that loves his neighbour as himself would not, both by precept and example, strive in every laudable manner to put an extinguisher on intemperance, that burning sea of liquid fire which consumes every excellence in the drunkard's soul?

XI. *It injures the cause of Religion on Earth.*

The intemperate man not only destroys all religious feeling in his soul, but he also injures the cause of religion on earth. In the drunkard, intemperance steals the keys from reason.—

It spreads a moral veil of midnight darkness over his mind.—He throws open the flood-gates of blasphemy. Whenever he comes, iniquity, like a tide of molten fire, rolls over the earth. His presence, like the damp of death, chills the warm feelings of vital piety. Where he revels in his drunkenness, religion cannot exist. There wickedness flings away its last disguise. There, with brazen front, and hateful smile, and boisterous rage, and uncloaked vileness, and unrestrained passions, and most active depravity, whatever is superlatively base appears, is encouraged, is caressed. When the drunkard drinks, and staggers, and retches, and wallows, even rude thought runs wild. Who would think of finding piety where shameless wickedness reigns in uncontrolled supremacy?

Should we search the whole creation round, we would not find a single corner where the religion of our blessed Saviour flourished in a nest of drunkards. Who among the intemperate thinks on religious subjects as he ought? Where are the drunkard's reasoning powers? They are drowned in rum.—Where is his conscience? It is seared with rum. Where his Bible? It is sold for rum. Where his seat in the sanctuary of God? It has been forsaken for rum. Where are his sabbaths spent? Drinking rum, in the tippling shop, or over the fumes of the inebriating bowl. Who are his companions?—The lovers of rum. What is his language? The obscene, the degrading, the blasphemous oaths of the drunkard. What are his actions? They are such as both God and man abhor. What are his feelings? Those of a demon. What are his thoughts? The wild, hell hatched fancies of a brain trembling under the deranging influence of rum. But we forbear. We thus see that the drunkard is pre-eminent in wickedness. He occupies the first rank in all that is low and degrading and vile. He is a standard bearer in the army of the prince of darkness. He is a rallying point around which the heirs of hell meet. Whatever is detestable in thought or word or deed, centres in the drunkard. As far then as sin has a tendency to destroy holiness, so far has intemperance a tendency to arrest the progress and injure the cause of true religion.—Who therefore, that prays for the "knowledge of the Lord to cover the earth as the waters do the seas," can with heart and hand, strive to people his neighbourhood, his country, the world with drunkards? Who that does not love sin and hate religion and holiness, will give the soul destroying draught to his fellow man? Who that has the least regard for the prosperity of Zion, will scatter through the moral atmosphere, the withering evils of intemperance? Who will plant the seeds of drunkenness in his neighbourhood, and then hope to make re-

flecting persons believe, that he loves man or religion or the true God? Who can be such an enemy to the community as to spend his time in manufacturing drunkards? Reader, can you?

XII. *Its influence on Domestick Happiness.*

Intemperance like a canker worm, preys on the core of domestick happiness. On this and every other comfort, it places an extinguisher. This, the only wreck of the bliss of paradise, which survived the fall, it destroys. When it enters a house, its very breath blights the buds of social pleasure.—The soul of the intemperate man is not thrilled with joy at the thought of wife, children or friends. Poverty, and sickness, and infamy, and crime, are the almost constant inmates of the drunkard's abode.

To prove that intemperance throws its withering curse over all that is lovely in the domestick circle, we shall adduce only one example. And it is alas! but a common every-day occurrence. Its counterpart is acted in almost every neighbourhood. To think of it is enough to make a cold chill pass through the veins. It is almost enough to freeze up the warm current of life. But truth must be told, however painful the recital.

Of the millions of dwellings into which intemperance has entered, and from which it has banished all the delights of social enjoyment, we shall mention but one. It stood on an elevation but a short distance from the highway. It was a neat, well constructed, unostentatious abode of happiness. In it dwelt a father, a mother, a son, a daughter. Taste, and science, and wealth scattered their delights in rich profusion in and around this little terrestrial paradise. Here domestick affection and felicity resided. Here all the bliss that earth could give, was found. Here kindness ruled in every heart, and spread its sweetest smile on every countenance. Here pleasure beamed in every eye, while those little offices of kindness, which together compose much of the happiness of human life, were performed. Piety, too, resided here, for religion had spread its mantle of purest affection over those who dwelt in this abode of earthly bliss. A glorious hope of a blessed immortality, had stamped its sweet, placid, heavenly impression on the countenance of each; one only excepted. From this dwelling, the voice of prayer, the incense of the heart, ascended, acceptable as the evening sacrifice, to a throne of grace. Morning, noon and night, the recording angel penciled down in heaven's register, their holy aspirations after God's own precious blessings. The one who would not lodge the Savi-

our in his heart, who felt no rapture, no holy love or pleasure in devotion, was he in whom the father and mother hoped to find the staff of their declining years. Though piety infused no drop of heavenly consolation into his cup of earthly felicity, he was not altogether unhappy, for he loved his father, and his mother, and his sister, and the home of his childhood, and one, too, far dearer than all, whom he had chosen as the partner of his days, the friend of his bosom, the wife of his youth. Her he had vowed, most solemnly vowed, in the presence of God, angels and men, to love and protect. At that time he had a heart; he was sincere; he could feel. Then his was the tenderness of a man, of one of nature's nobility. Then feelings of kindness clustered thick around his heart. When distress spread its darkest curtain over a fellow mortal, sympathy always warmed his bosom, and philanthropy taught his hand to afford relief. He whom poverty had clothed in rags, and upon whom a cold, unfeeling, heartless world frowned or looked with disdain, found, under his hospitable roof, a shelter from the pitiless storm of adversity. When age, with its wrinkled visage and snowy locks thinly scattered round the hem of its threadbare cap which three score years agone was the ornament of younger years; when age, with its tottering gait and stooping form, and its once warm current of life chilled by the frosts of time or the cold blasts of a hundred winters, appeared at his door, he was ever ready to spread before it the mantle of comfort. His house was the stranger's home. Hospitality gave the way-worn traveller a cheerful welcome to his fireside comforts. When disease laid its enfeebling touch on its victim, he was always prepared to perform the office of kindness, to administer the cordial of relief, to support the aching head, to sustain the sinking frame. The chamber into which death had entered in pursuit of his prey, where he had closed the windows of the soul, and silenced the daughters of musick, loosed the silver cord of life, with a rude stroke, broken its golden bowl, arrested its warm refreshing current, and sealed up its fountain in dark forgetfulness, often witnessed his presence. When a neighbour, a relative, a friend was called into the world of spirits, the silent tear would steal down his manly cheek, and declare, in nature's eloquence, that his heart could feel. His deep drawn sigh would prove his grief sincere. When the sun of prosperity shone on those around him, delight would sit smiling on his countenance. Age blessed him, manhood honoured him, youth and childhood, and even infancy loved him.

Near this man, in whose bosom resided all human excellence and sterling worth, lived a professed follower of the meek

and lowly Jesus. He prayed, and prayed for *sinners* too. He prayed that his master's name might soon be known throughout the world; that true religion every where might flourish; that the gospel in its triumphs, might be extended far and wide, and be, wherever preached, a blessing; that sinners might be redeemed from sin and hell; and that God, in every nation, and province, and city, and town, and village, and hamlet, and dwelling, and heart, might be glorified.. But he kept for sale the bane of all that is happy, and good, and great, and wise, and useful, DISTILLED LIQUOR. When he who lacked but the one thing needful, vital piety, in company with other persons met at this professor's house, they at first but tasted, in friendship, [illegible] soul destroying poison. At another meeting they sipped again, but with less caution. At a third, a glass was called for; then, as their meetings multiplied, two or three, or four must be drank to make them social. Presently they retire reluctantly, then at a late hour, then anxiously desire another meeting, then increase their times of meeting and their sums of money wasted.

Thus all were hurrying towards the vortex of eternal ruin. At this eventful crisis, when they were standing on the slippery brink of dissipation, one began to feel his purse grow light, and staid his hand. Another seeks a home in the wildness of the forest. In the dreariness of solitude, he escapes impending destruction. Sickness seizes a third and snatches him from the very jaws of this living death. Another hears the voice of conscience and thus escapes. The holy spirit as a miracle of grace, takes another from this sink of sin, and makes him a holy heir of unending joy in heaven. Not one was left save the pride of his father, the darling of his mother, the stay of his sister, the idol of his loved one. At the Christian's house he called and drank, and drank and called again. Soon he began to drink his morning dram, and once, or twice, or thrice, during the day he must drink a *little*. When conscience with its voice of thunder said, "Death is in the bowl," he who sold the fatal, cursed draught and put it in his neighbour's hand, could perceive in it, *he said*, nothing injurious.—But love of gain had steeled his soul and thrown over it the deadly, hardening, withering veil of covetousness. It had left him———where O! my God! He still would sell, his neighbour still would drink.

The wary father now saw his son upon the crumbling verge of dissipation. Distress began to prey upon the core of the good old man's heart. He wept and prayed in secret over his son, now almost lost. He reproved, kindly, earnestly reproved him. He persuaded, he entreated him to dash from

his lips, that cup in the bottom of which lay coiled eternal death. He conjured him in the name of all that was sacred, to exercise every power both of body and of mind, to free himself from that fatal spell which the monster, intemperance, had already begun to throw around him. But his remonstrances and entreaties were all in vain. The son, though almost a drunkard, felt no danger. A taste for ardent spirits was acquired. An unnatural appetite was formed. A craving which gnawed his very vitals and was continually crying give, give, had been called into existence. This insatiable, rum-created desire, acting like a canker worm to every excellence, was fast destroying the kind, generous, noble feelings which nature had given him; though hitherto he had always been found among those who were called temperate drinkers. Nor had he himself in a single instance, yet, been found intoxicated. But the "milk of human kindness" was soured in his breast. His father was no longer dear to him. He in sulkiness retired from his presence. He returned to him who professed to love the Saviour, and purchased another draught of his soul killing poison. Now the noisy mirth of the son's dissipation was heard. Once it would have grated on his ears like the yells of a harpy. But with him it had lost much of its harsh, wild, demoniack sound. At first he stood at a distance, then approached, then looked into, then entered the haunts of intemperance. The monster fastened a secret, powerful charm upon his senses. He now mingled with drunkards, joked with drunkards, laughed with drunkards, blasphemed with drunkards, drank with drunkards, but for a time drank sparingly. His home became neglected. His evenings were spent in the society of drunkards.

At length he himself for the first time became intoxicated. Hope's last glimmering taper then expired. The flood-gates of desolation were thrown open. Destruction, unobstructed, might now rush on in all the wildness of its fury, and leave in his soul, but the wreck of nonsense. The walls that stood between him and disgrace were now completely demolished. The citadel of honour was stormed by intemperance. It had ignobly surrendered at discretion, to its bitterest foe. The barrier was wholly removed. The flood was increasing in its rapid course. Hope itself could now discover no reasonable prospect of his reformation.

For years every morning sun as it looked abroad upon the world, saw the increasing happiness of his affectionate family. The smile of love, of joy, of friendship, made his home a little paradise of bliss. She who had blessed him with her love and taught her children to call him father, spent her mornings in

ministering to his comfort, her days in training for heaven, those little immortals whom God had given her, and her evenings in supplicating a throne of grace for her children, for her husband, for herself, for saints, for sinners, for the world.—Then all was respect abroad; all was love, and harmony, and bliss at home. But now the scene is changed. The partner of his days, sighs, and weeps, and wails and casts a thousand anxious looks towards the path over which, in happier days, he often passed with joyful step; for once he loved his home.—Long she wept and watched. The clock had told the hour of midnight. Solemn silence had thrown its mantle of stillness over the world. Quietness had gently laid its hand on all that lives. Repose had hushed in silence every voice. Slumber seemed to fold all nature in its arms. The wind had sung its requem and gone to rest. The stars in cheerfulness looked out upon the world. They danced in ether, and laughed that night could make them see. The moon, the silver queen of night, in solemn majesty moved on. As if conscious of her dignity, she in her course, would smile upon the stars. The clouds ashamed to wear their weeds of mourning where heavenly peace and pleasure reigned, put on their robes of white and sported in the air. This solemn, refreshing stillness was interrupted only by the broken sob and half stifled sigh of her who erewhile was happy. Ever and anon she rose and looked, and gazed upon the way. She then would sit her down and weep. Tears of anguish would spring from their fountain of wo, and burn upon that cheek where smiles were wont to play. In a moment, she would rise and look again. In breathless silence she would listen to catch the sound of his approaching footstep. At length she saw a form reeling and staggering towards her door. Soon she heard the silly vacant laugh, and the half uttered oath of her————husband. The spell with which true unsuspecting love had bound her, was now broken. She saw that he whom she adored, in whom all her hopes of earthly happiness centered, was————drunk. The spectacle overcame her. The thought entered her soul like a dagger. The blood flowing through every artery and vein, carrying vitality, and health, and vigour, to all parts of the body, was affrighted at the sight, and rushed to its citadel, the heart. Her strength failed her. Paleness veiled her face.—Her nerves were unstrung. She sunk in the arms of insensibility, and for a moment forgot her wo. But the stroke of anguish under which she fell, was not that of death. O! that it had been! Her sorrows would then have been changed to unending joy. When insensibility relaxed its grasp, and she awoke, she saw the father of her children intoxicated. His

mother's eyes were now unbandaged. She discovered her son's hopeless situation, and still she hoped that he might yet reform. He stood on the brink of ruin; his self command was lost; he saw no danger; he was reaching forward to grasp destruction: The voice of conscience was unheard: the voice of God was disobeyed: the voice of love was unfelt; but yet his mother hoped.

The sun paid another visit to the eastern skies. Again he threw his cheering beams upon the world. He was, as before, bright, and fair, and lovely. But now there was one family, once the most happy, to whom his brightest rays only made their wretchedness more visible. For them he had not a single charm. The fumes of the inebriating cup having passed away, he who had slept in drunkenness, awoke. Before his eyes he now saw the wife whom he yet loved, and the children who were yet dear to him, sitting in silent, hopeless, heart-withering agony. No chiding, no voice of reproach was heard; for their tongue had never learned to complain.—Remorse now harrowed up the wretch's soul. Conscience lashed him with its scorpion sting. Repentance was felt in every thought, was heard in every word, was seen in every action. But it was that of a drunkard. Amendment seemed to be the soul of his every resolution. He resolved, he promised, he protested against intemperance. He solemnly declared that he would never again get drunk. But he was a drunkard already; and these were the unprincipled resolutions which remorse sometimes compels even the drunkard to make. He however asked, he humbly sought forgiveness from his weeping, joyful wife. She with rapture forgave, because she loved him.

For a time he abhorred the thoughts of drinking. But the unnatural, voracious, and almost uncontrolable appetite for spirituous liquors, was already acquired. At length he mingled again with tipplers. Again he tasted their fatal cup.—Again he was overcome, strange to tell, more easily than before. He again became intoxicated. Again remorse struck him with its sting. Again he asked and received forgiveness. And thus he continued, till he became a sot; till his conscience became seared; till remorse itself could not make him feel.—The last lingering hope of reformation now fled from the breast of his nearest and dearest friends. His mother overcome with grief, sunk into the grave. His father broken hearted, was soon laid by her side in the cold embrace of death. His sister without a home, entered this rude unfriendly world, to contend alone with the bitter blasts of adversity. Over his wife, distress threw its thickest veil of wretchedness. The cold blank

of desolation rested upon her soul. Happiness fled from her dwelling. Poverty soon became her constant companion.—Her speaking eye, as it languished in silent, hopeless, uninterrupted sadness, told, in the eloquence of the heart, the tale of her anguish.

She loved the wretch and therefore mourned his absence.—She dreaded his return; for his warm affections had degenerated into coldness, his coldness into indifference, his indifference into neglect, his neglect into disgust, and this he frequently manifested by personal abuse. He had murdered his time, squandered his property, thrown away his reputation, and banished every kind feeling from his heart. And yet notwithstanding all his unfeelingness and brutality, her affections were all his own. No redeeming trait was found in his character, because he was a drunkard. His children were growing up in idleness, and ignorance, and irreligion, because their father was a drunkard. His wife soon had no home, because her husband was a drunkard. Happiness here he had none, for he was a drunkard. The last of his hopes of heaven had vanished, for he was a drunkard. He sickened. The physician could give him no relief, for the patient was a drunkard. He died, and left the world as he had lived, a drunkard. His body filled a drunkard's grave. His soul entered upon the drunkard's eternity.

His wife and children must now meet the scorn of an unfeeling world. His widow without a home and pinched with want, was thrown upon the charity of an uncharitable world. All the anguish that a heart can feel, she felt. The earth to her was but a dreary wilderness. At every step she saw its frown or felt its sneer. Every inch of her pathway to the tomb, was thick beset with thorns. Her anxiety and distress were indescribable. Her children———but here the heart sickens. We must cease to describe. None but a mother can tell what a mother feels for her children in distress. Our tongue cannot tell, our imagination cannot paint, what she felt for her children. She lived a while in nameless anguish, then died a broken-hearted mother. Her children, for a time distressed and alone, were at length scattered through the world, and soon disappeared.

Thus perished the drunkard's very name on the earth. O! what a hateful, withering, deadly curse does intemperance throw on domestick happiness! How it breathes a happiness-killing pestilence wherever it comes! The very atmosphere in which the drunkard moves is tainted with moral death.—Where then is the man whose heart is not callous to every tender feeling, that will deliberately taste this horrid cup, or

assist, in any manner or degree, to make his neighbour a drunkard? Who that has the least regard for his fellow beings, would be willing to be instrumental in destroying the social happiness of one family, not to say of hundreds? Where is the female who will not do something to snatch her sex from such misery, wretchedness and wo, as intemperate fathers or husbands or brothers inevitably bring upon them? Where is the moderate drinker that will not, in order to dry up this source of domestick misery, dash the cup from his lips, fully determined never to drink again another drop of this alcoholick poison? Reader, will you ever again assist in destroying the happiness of the domestick circle, by making or vending or using ardent spirits?

XIII. *It kills the Soul.*

Intemperance destroys the soul. It is a very Samiel to all happiness. It puts an extinguisher on every rational hope of bliss in the world to come. The holy example of others makes no good impression on the drunkard. Its irresistible eloquence does not change the bent of his mind, or make him act according to the laws of God. The "gospel, in accents sweeter than angels use, whispers peace." Its language ought to carry rapture to every soul. But it charms not the drunkard. In his behalf the prayers of saints enter continually the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. But he prays not for himself. His supplicating voice ascends not to a throne of grace. Instead of praying, he staggers down to hell over all the obstructions which an indulgent, a merciful God has placed in the downward road. Presently he steps over the verge of time into the bottomless pit, there to spend the drunkard's eternity. For he who cannot lie has said, "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." For a cup of death, he has sold eternal life. For an earthly hell, he has bartered heaven. For the stupifying wretchedness of getting drunk, he has exchanged unending bliss in the world above. For the sake of poverty, and misery, and disgrace, and contempt, and remorse, and sickness, and premature death, he has plunged his naked soul into everlasting burnings. For the degrading, baneful, desperate society of drunkards, and for the sake of wallowing with them in every kind of filthiness, he has leaped into the jaws of undying death. To obtain all that was pitiful, and despicable, and vile on earth, he has rushed into the fearful abodes of the damned, there to spend an unending existence, a never ending life of living wo. Who that knows the value of the soul, will exchange it for the heart freezing misery which the intempe-

rate bring upon themselves, and which they scatter all around them? Who that feels for the souls of men or desires their salvation, will deliberately assist to make them drunk? Who that does not absolutely desire their eternal misery, will, for any price, or on any consideration, furnish men spirituous liquors, since the drunkard's soul must sink down for ever in unavailing wo? Who dares, in his presumption, throw an immortal soul into hell? If none dare, then let none deal out liquid damnation, in the form of ardent spirits, to his neighbour. For by doing this, the dealer in this liquid fire, bars the gates of heaven, and entices his neighbour into the gulf of perdition. Who is prepared thus to kill the soul of his fellow man? Who would be willing to people hell with drunkards? Who? No one but him whose heart is steeled against every fine feeling of human nature. O! the soul that never dies!—It is too precious, too valuable to be sold for rum. Reader, if you value your soul's immortal interest, dash the cup of death untasted, from your lips.

XIV. *All feel its Evils.*

We have all, either directly or indirectly, felt, in our own persons, the evil of using ardent spirits. There is not, perhaps, a single family in the United States, which has not, or does not, number, in some of its branches, one drunkard—it may be many. The national disgrace which it produces, its demoralizing influence on society, what it adds to the amount of our taxes, its withering influence on the community, are some of the ways in which the use of spirituous liquors indirectly injures all. There are very few individuals who have not, in some degree, been injured by using it themselves. And who has never been disgusted by the sight of a drunkard?—An evil which we all feel or have felt, we all ought to attempt to remedy. Who can say that not one of his relations has ever disgraced himself and his friends by intoxication? What a merciless, destructive monster, that must be, from whose horrid fangs, no family, and scarcely an individual, has wholly escaped! Let all then who have felt the disgraceful influence of intemperance refuse to taste the drunkard's cup.

Who can, for a moment, reflect on the evils of intemperance and then say: "The drunkard injures none but *himself;* that he is only *his own* enemy?" He injures all. He is an enemy of all. He is death to the temporal happiness of many. He murders his own soul. Reader, what is that in your hand? It is the drunkard's bowl? Does it contain the inebriate's disgusting potion? Is it filled with voluntary delirium? Is that mad-

ness which sparkles on its surface? Then throw it from your hand. It will wither, it will kill your joys in time. It will poison your soul; for it is filled with the venom of eternal death. Will you then, can you drink that cup? Can you throw a blighting moral mildew all around you? Can you scatter a contagious gangrene through your country's atmosphere, that will destroy its every healthy, vital quality? If you cannot, then taste not that cup which when drank will ruin yourself and spread desolation all around you.

THE COLD-WATER-MAN.

PART SECOND.

THE EVILS OF MODERATE DRINKING.

I. *It Deceives.*

Ten thousand demons hot from hell, seem to be exerting all their powers to keep the breath of life in their most efficient ally on earth, the moderate use of ardent spirits. This pernicious custom throws a delusion round its victim. It flatters him while it charms his senses, enslaves his appetite, impairs his mind, undermines his health, corrupts his heart. In its deceptive chain, it leads him a voluntary slave, down to the chambers of hopeless wo. Moderate drinking, like the Syrian sirocco or spasmodick cholera, is sweeping its millions into eternity. Worse than these, it deceives its victims by the cry of peace and safety, till it throws them into the sea of drunkenness, at the bottom of which is the mouth of hell. Its deception is so artfully practised, that they imagine themselves perfectly temperate, till they become the veriest sots. Thus blindly are they led on, till by the unnatural appetite which

moderate drinking has produced, they are hurried into endless misery. Who desires to be deceived by his most deadly enemy? Let such and only such, drink a *little* ardent spirits.—Let us banish the custom of moderate drinking from civil society. It is a base deceiver.

II. *It leads to Drunkenness.*

Moderate drinking is the first step to drunkenness. It points those who practise it, to the drunkard's grave, to the drunkard's hell. The language of its actions to them is, "follow me and you will become drunkards;" while its Siren voice whispers, "there is no danger." Temperate drinkers, as they call themselves, throw upon the community, a whole host of drunkards. No man ever becomes a drunkard before he has, for a time, been a moderate drinker. Indeed, almost every drunkard calls himself a temperate drinker. He, however intemperate, is in his own estimation, a temperate drinker, for a long time at least, after he is a drunkard in the estimation of every sober man. The moderate drinker is never absolutely safe. He is one of a society which furnishes all our drunkards. Our whole army of drunkards, more than 300,000 in number, have, without a single exception, ushered forth on the community from the society of temperate drinkers, as they call themselves. Since 30,000 of these annually drop into the eternal world, there must, to keep the ranks in the army of drunkards full, come from among *these* temperate drinkers, at least 30,000 new drunkards every year. Is there no danger in belonging to a society, 30,000 of whose members annually become drunkards? That these self-styled temperate drinkers furnish all the drunkards, is too evident to need proof. Who does not at once perceive that the man who drinks no intoxicating liquor, never becomes a drunkard? And who does not know that every drunkard was at first one of *these* temperate drinkers? In view of these facts, who among us does not clearly see, that if there were no such temperate drinkers as compose this society, there would very soon be no drunkards? Do we wish to be led to the drunkard's grave? If we do not, let us all with one voice, declare ourselves on the side of entire abstinence.

III. *It countenances Drunkenness.*

He who, while in health, tastes alcoholick liquors, approbates their use. Moderate drinkers not only furnish from their ranks, all the drunkards on earth, but they also keep them in countenance, by drinking the same article which produces their

intoxication. They are, therefore, like distillers and venders of ardent spirits, accomplices in all the guilt, of all the misery, and crime, and death which drunkenness occasions. This is a serious charge, but a true one. The man who, in any way, either directly or indirectly, countenances, connives at, or encourages the commission of any crime, is in truth, an accessory before the fact, or in other words, he is an accomplice in its commission. No man who drinks any quantity of ardent spirits, however small, will pretend that he does not countenance the drunkard by drinking the same kind of liquor that he does. He drinks the drunkard's drink, and therefore countenances the drunkard in drinking it. Since he thus countenances the drunkard he is accessory to the crime of drunkenness, and to all its fearful, disgusting, atrocious consequences. Tippler, put this accusation into your cup, and then drink of it, if your conscience will let you.

Let us, then, avoid moderate drinking, not only as the first step to intemperance and ruin, a step too, without which no man ever became a drunkard, but also because it encourages intoxication. Let us flee from what is called the temperate use of ardent spirits. It is a most dangerous evil. Let us dash the cup from our lips. In drinking it we may swallow eternal death; we shall certainly encourage others to do so. If we taste the poisoned bowl as a beverage, we are ourselves in danger. Perfect safety is found only in entire abstinence. By total abstinence only, can we prevent our example from injuring others. Who, then, will continue among that class of persons which furnish all our drunkards, in which he is personally in danger, and while he continues in it, certainly countenances drunkenness, when he can avoid it by simply abstaining from the use of ardent spirits as a drink? Who would, by his actions, say to the drunkard, "we approve your disgusting practices?" And yet this is the language of every moderate drinker's life.

We cannot now stand neutral in relation to drunkenness.—The time has already come, when all men are claimed as abettors, either by the beastly sot, or by the perfectly sober. We may not be willing to admit that the drunkard's claim is legitimate. But he will claim us as belonging in some sense, to his party, unless we are cold-water-men. His claim, he thinks, is just. Till we are known to disapprove absolutely, any use of ardent spirits as a drink, the drunkard brings all the weight of our influence to justify him in his intemperance, or in taking a *little*, as he calls it. This he will do without asking our consent. This he will do, though we tell him that we absolutely condemn all his intemperate practices. We can in no way

prevent this, but by becoming members of the temperance society. We are therefore under the necessity, (whether we intend to do so or not,) of throwing the weight of our influence into the scale of drunkenness or of entire abstinence.—Reader, which are you doing?

While we use as a drink, ardent spirits in any quantity, it is in vain for us to admonish him who is in the most eminent danger of falling into the fatal vortex of drunkenness.—Tell him that he stands on the verge of the drunkard's grave. He replies that he is doing nothing but what you and thousands of sober men around him are doing. Tell him his cups are destroying his health, he will answer that you are in as great danger as he. If you say that you take but a little to do you good, his answer will be, that he takes a very little, just enough to do him good. It is in vain, while you drink any, or while you countenance the ordinary use of the least quantity, to reason with him. He imagines that he is drinking a *little* occasionally. And this, he thinks, is the practice of all the moderate drinkers in his neighbourhood. While he thinks he is doing only what respectable people do, it is impossible to persuade him to desist. Who will any longer countenance drunkenness by drinking a *little?*

IV. *Its effects on the Human System Injurious.*

The least quantity of ardent spirits drank by a person in health, is an injury. The article is an artificial, exciting stimulous. It is also a fatal narcotick. It produces an unnatural action in the sanguineous system. It also materially diminishes vital susceptibility. This poison when drank, unless it is useful in producing a medical effect, wears out the principle of life. In this respect it resembles other medicines.—When a person in health takes medicine, it always injures him. The object of medicine is, to counteract disease; but when there is no disease to counteract, the power of the medicine being spent on a healthy system, must, since it is too great for a state of health, rack in some degree, the parts to which it is applied. Distilled liquor acts with a medical power on the human system. A single drop of it, therefore, drank by a person in health, since it acts on him with a medical power, is injurious. Whatever is medicinally stimulating, wears out the principle of life more rapidly than the nourishing stimulants. And it is a remarkable fact, that ardent spirits destroy the principle of life much more rapidly than any other artificial stimulant or narcotick.

Any quantity of ardent spirits, however small, lays the foundation for intemperate appetites and habits. He who tastes this article once, has broken down a bar which gives him an opportunity of tasting it with less reluctance a second time.—And the more frequently a person drinks, the less will be his reluctance to raise the cup to his lips. And every time he tastes it he is contributing to the formation of that voracious appetite which can never be satisfied, that burning desire for alcohol, which alcohol, like oil on a flame, can only increase. A continued repetition of its use, produces a habit which scarcely death itself can conquer. Who would be willing to be thus enslaved? Who? Why the man that drinks a *little*.

The unnatural excitement which, in a person in health, is produced by the use of the least quantity of distilled liquor, is an unhealthy one. As far as its operation extends, it unfits the functions of the body for discharging their appropriate offices. Whatever in any degree produces this unfitness, evidently leaves the person, in that degree, in an unhealthy state.—Hence, for a healthy person to use the least quantity of ardent spirits, predisposes him in some degree, to every disease, and to some diseases to a most alarming extent. Its benumbing influence is, moreover, the immediate cause of some diseases. If we desire to be exposed to every disease, then let us drink a little ardent spirits. These remarks, which when mentioned, strike the mind almost with the force of intuitive propositions, are confirmed by the opinions of the most learned physicians, and also by the improved health and vigour of those who abstain entirely from alcoholick drinks.

It is evident from these observations, that distilled liquor does no good in any case, except it be used for a medicine in case of bodily infirmity, that it is never indifferent, and that when used in any quantity by persons in health, it is always injurious. Reader, will you taste this health-destroying potion? Will you saturate your system with the spirit of alcohol, till you become a prey in which every disease beholds its victim; till you become an object that death itself can scarcely avoid?

V. *The Cholera.*

The spasmodick cholera may be denominated a purifying scourge. It is supposed to have commenced its ravages in Arabia, near Mecca, about fifteen years ago, or as some maintain, in the year 1807.* It extended eastward into India and

*A disease similiar to this, (it may have been the same,) existed in the Delta of the Ganges, as early as the year 1783.

China. It passed from these countries into the basin of the Euphrates and Tigris. It ascended these rivers to their source. It then entered Europe. And finally it visited America. In its course during the last fifteen years, it has swept into eternity, more than 50,000,000 of persons. In selecting its prey, it has almost universally seized upon the vicious of every name and of every grade. Among the intemperate, it has every where made tremendous havock. Those who use alcoholick liquors, however moderately, have usually felt its stroke. With them, it generally *begins* with death. This fearful scourge which the king of terrours holds in his hand, and every lash of which is almost certain death to him who uses any ardent spirits, and indeed to all the intemperate and vicious, has always appeared the decided friend of entire abstinence.* So true is this, that it has generally passed by the consistent members of temperance societies, rarely laying its freezing hand upon them, and much more rarely throwing open the flood-gates of life and driving their soul from the body. In this scourge, the Lord is delivering a temperance lecture to the world. Men must hear. Let those then, who would avoid this discriminating pestilence, refuse to taste ardent spirits. Let them be assured that it marks for its prey, those who touch the inebriating cup.

By those not intimately acquainted with the history of India and China and the Mohamedan countries, it may be asked: If it seizes with such discriminating, tremendous power, those who use ardent spirits, how is it that it destroyed such millions in the countries just mentioned? We reply, that the inhabitants of all these countries, are in some respects, exceedingly intemperate. Most of them use large quantities of a liquor called arrack. It was originally made in Tartary. Its intoxicating properties are of the most fatal description. It is distilled from rice or sugar, fermented with the juice of the cocoa-nut; or from mare's milk, fermented and distilled. This last was first invented by the Tartars of Tungusia. Its inebri-

*On the authority of a London periodical, we would state, that in the whole United Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, not a single member of a temperance society has fallen a prey to the cholera, while it has slain in these islands, not less than 10,000 persons. In Montreal, (Canada,) out of 350 entire abstinence men, but one died of this plague, though from that city it has carried into eternity, nearly 1,500 others. The case just mentioned, and one in the United States, are the only instances which have yet appeared in print, of cold-water-men dying of this purifying pestilence. It appears therefore, that when it seizes the temperate, it is comparatively a manageable disease.

ating qualities are altogether the most deadly. Many of those nations are, like the French, intemperate in their food. Others use opium, or coffee, or both to excess. And vice in its most hideous forms, stalks abroad in open day, in every corner of those countries. It is true, the most cheering beams of heaven slumber in their every vale. The spicy breeze bears on its odorifick wings, the freshness of the morning. Nature, with a hand of profusion, has scattered over their land, the necessaries, the comforts, the luxuries of life. But there, moral contagion has thrown its most desolating influence over the mind of man. He is vile. He is degraded. He is intemperate in food and drink. And therefore that purifying scourge, the spasmodick cholera, has been sent by Providence, to wipe from these lands, the polluting stain of their sins.

VI. *Moderate drinking supports Distilleries and Dram-shops.*

Distilleries and dram-shops are confessedly the places where drunkards are manufactured. The men, then, who support these places, support what make all the drunkards. And what class of men does this? Why moderate drinkers. If those who keep these satanick resorts, these gins for the young, these traps for the unwary, had no custom but that of drunkards, they would soon take down their signs, close their bars, and engage in some useful and honourable calling. This they will all acknowledge. The drunkard's custom, therefore, will not support them. None will say that cold-water-men support them by *their* custom, because they give them none.—Moderate drinkers, therefore, are the persons who support all those detestable sinks of sin, the distilleries and dram-shops. Who does not feel degraded at the thought of supporting such places as these? Who will any longer encourage these nuisances to society? Will you, reader?

VII. *It hardens the Heart.*

Moderate drinking leads those who practice it, down to that awful point beyond which they have no heart. When the human monster passes this point which lies concealed in the moderate drinker's path, he would drink at his father's grave; he he would drink beside his mother's coffin; he would drink at his child's funeral; he would drink at his wife's death-bed; nay, he would get drunk on the very alcoholick poison which he obtained in exchange for the nourishing food that charity brought in its hand of kindness, to ease the distressing hunger of his wretched family. It drinks up the spirit of kindness in

the human soul. Well may it be said, "the drunkard has no heart." And moderate drinking is fast stealing away all the kind feelings of him who practices it. Do you desire a little of this heartlessness? Then drink, while in health, a little ardent spirits. Do you desire a little more of this heartless feeling? Then drink a little more of the same liquid. Do you still desire a little more of this same heartlessness? Then drink a little more, and a little more frequently, and then—and then you are a drunkard. Who, for the sake of spirituous liquors, would sacrifice all the fine feeling of his nature? Who, for this, would become a marble-hearted monster?

VIII. *It sets a bad Example.*

Those who, while in health, drink a *little* ardent spirits, not only injure themselves a *little*, but they also set an example to others, which injures them very much. Shall we thus injure ourselves and others? Or shall we abstain entirely, and in this way scatter blessings around us? Shall we make the use of ardent spirits reputable? Shall we spread a net by which the young, the inexperienced and the unwary will be entangled? If none but the drunkard would touch the poison, soon our world would be delivered from an evil which has destroyed more money, more happiness, more lives, than famine, pestilence and the sword. War with all its deadly train of evils, is an unspeakable blessing compared with that withering, exterminating curse, the use of ardent spirits. The moderate use of these too, and that not without reason, is supposed to be a greater evil, and to destroy more lives than drunkenness itself. Let none but the drunkard drink this cup of death, let no moderate drinker taste it, and intemperance will soon cease to exist. Let every man then who fancies himself a temperate drinker, for his own sake, for the sake of humanity, for the good of the community, for the sake of the young, for the sake of the cause of Christ, for the sake of his own soul and the souls of others, dash from his lips the cup which contains a single drop of that liquid pestilence which destroys so much happiness, and poisons the souls of so many immortal beings. This will dry up the sea of drunkenness. Let every moderate drinker do this, and it will shut down the flood-gates of intemperance. The example of moderate drinkers is what is destroying civil society. It leads the million to the drunkard's grave.

While we justify ourselves or others in taking a little, we cannot arrest an individual in his progress towards the gulf of intemperance. He always fancies himself perfectly safe, till he is beyond the reach of hope. If, while we set an example

of moderate drinking, we saw a young man ready every moment to be swallowed up by the monster, and if we knew that he must abstain entirely or be lost, we could not make him feel his danger. He imagines that he uses but very little, not enough to injure any one. He "knows," he would declare, "what he is about. He can govern himself. He is drinking moderately as others do." And thus he would continue to drink, till he became a perfect sot, before he would perceive his dangerous situation. Let us then, with one heart and one voice, banish from civilized society, that fascinating, degrading, pernicious custom, the custom of moderate drinking.

IX. *It is worse than Drunkenness.*

This custom is, however strange it may appear, more pernicious than intoxication. No person begins to use distilled liquor, because the drunkard drinks it. An individual is always, at first, led from the safe path of entire abstinence, into the dangerous, and often fatal one of using this injurious poison, by the example of moderate drinkers. When a young man who has no relish for the "good creature," enters a publick house, he sees 'squire A, who is a professor of religion, drinking a little. In the same place deacon B. takes his "deacon's dram," as a pretty good "drink" was formerly called.—The lawyer, the physician, the statesman, the judge, the divine, would take a little; and therefore the young man must drink in order to do as respectable men did. It is true, the sot might be seen staggering up to the same bar and drinking the same kind of liquor that the others did; but no one ever drinks to imitate the drunkard, or with a design of becoming one. Every person takes his first glass because sober, respectable men drink a little. Since then all who have been induced to drink the drunkard's cup, have been led to do so by the influence and example of moderate drinkers, their influence and example in drinking a little, have been and are, inconceivably more pernicious than those of drunkards could be. The more respectable and influential the moderate drinker is, the more injurious will his example be; because the greater will be the number who will imitate his pernicious practice of drinking a *little* at first, and who will afterwards quaff the drunkard's bowl. How inconceivably vile that custom must be, which, in its influence and effects on society, is really more injurious than drunkenness itself! Let us then, at once, banish it from our neighbourhood, from our country, from the world. To accomplish this most effectually, we need only all become cold-water-men. Where is the man that will refuse to enrol

his name on an entire abstinence list? Who would be unwilling to "cease to do evil and learn to do well?" Who will set a destructive example to the young? Will any, but he whose conscience is seared with the burning spirit of alcohol? Let none taste it, but such as are willing to make drunkards, to murder souls. And who is sufficiently hardened to do this?

Besides the evils peculiar to the practice of moderate drinking, all those of drunkenness are, in a greater or less degree, connected with the moderate use of ardent spirits. It brings with it, in miniature, all the demoralizing, atrocious evils of intemperance. It also throws round itself, a fascinating charm by which it leads the million into the odious path of intoxication, and down to the drunkard's hell. Oh! the evils of moderate drinking? How inconceivably great! How innumerable! Who can sufficiently abhor that detestable practice?

X. *The Pleasure Boat.*

To illustrate the fearfully rapid and fatal progress of him who tastes ardent spirits, from the verge to the bottom of the gulf of intemperance, I will relate what took place some twenty years ago, near the western coast of Norway. So far as my knowledge extends, it has not before appeared in print.—We have all heard of that tremendous whirlpool usually called "the Maelstrom," and by sailors the "Navel of the sea." It is but a few leagues from the western shore of the kingdom already mentioned. The water near it is kept in the most fearful commotion. In it ships of the heaviest burden are, in an instant, shivered to atoms. The whale itself is sometimes overcome by the power of its suction, and dashed to pieces in its vortex. Its suction effects the water to a considerable distance round. And those who are so unfortunate as to come within the circle of its influence, can seldom make an effort so powerful as to escape. They are generally drawn into the funnel and perish.

On the shore, nearly opposite to this whirlpool, one fine afternoon in the month of July, a party of young ladies and gentlemen agreed to take an excursion that evening, in a pleasure boat. They were not much accustomed to "the dangers of the sea." The young men could not ply the oars as dexterously as many others. But they supposed there could be no danger. All nature seemed to smile. The sunbeam briskly played on the bosom of the ocean. Calmness had thrown its oily wand on the billow and it slept. The water presenting a smooth unruffled surface, seemed a sea of glass. The most timorous would scarcely have suspected that danger, in its most terrifick form, was lurking just beneath the surface.

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The evening came. The young people assembled on the beach. The mellow moon-beam would tremble for a moment and then sleep on the calm, unagitated breast of the ocean.— The pleasure boat was unmoored. The party gaily entered. The boat was moved from the shore. It was soon under way. It was rapidly propelled by those at the oars. But they soon discovered that it would skim gently over the bosom of the deep, when the motion produced by the oars had ceased.— They allowed the boat to glide gently along. They felt no danger. All was thoughtless hilarity. The motion of the vessel in which they sailed, became gradually, but to them, insensibly, more rapid. They were moved by the influence of the whirlpool. Their motion was rotary. They soon came round almost to the same spot from which they had sailed.— At this critical moment, the only one in which it was possible for them to be saved, a number of persons on shore, who knew their danger, discovered them and instantly gave the alarm. They entreated those in the boat to make one desperate effort and drive it ashore if possible. When they talked of danger, the party of pleasure laughed at their fears, and passed along without making one attempt to deliver themselves from impending ruin. The boat moved on, the rapidity of its motion continually increasing, and the circle round which it was drawn by the rotary movement of the water, becoming smaller. It soon appeared a second time to those on the land. Again they manifested their anxiety for the safety of those whose danger they saw, but who, if delivered, must be delivered by their own exertions; for those on shore, even if they launched another boat and rushed into the very jaws of peril, could not save them, while they were determined to remain inactive, and be carried by the accelerated velocity of the water round this mouth of the sea, ready to swallow at once both them and their boat. They still moved along in merriment. Peals of laughter were often heard. Sneers were the only thanks given to those who would, with delight, have saved them. For a time they continued to move round in all their thoughtlessness. Presently however, they begin to hear the tremendous roar of the vortex below. It sounded like the hoarse unsteady bellowings of the all devouring earthquake, or like the distant sea in a storm. By this time, the boat ever and anon would quiver like an aspen leaf, and then shoot like lightning through the now foam-covered sea. Solemnity now began to banish mirth from the countenances of those in the pleasure-boat. They half suspected that danger was near.— Soon they felt it. When they came again in sight of land, their cries of distress would have pierced the heart of stone.—

"O! help for mercy's sake," was now the exclamation of despair. A thick black cloud, as if to add horrour to this scene of distress, at this moment, shrouded the heavens in darkness. The oars were plied with every nerve. They snapped and their fragments were hurried into the yawning abyss. The boat now trembling, now tossed, now whirled suddenly round, now lashed by the spray, was presently thrown with violence into the jaws of death, opened wide to receive it and the immortals whom it carried.

Thus perished the pleasure-boat and all who sailed in it.—And thus perish thousands in the vortex of dissipation, who at first smoothly sailed around its outmost verge, who were scarcely, as they supposed, within the sphere of its influence, and who would laugh at those who could be so faithful as to warn them of their danger. We ask the young, and especially young men, to lay up in the store-house of their memory, the account of the pleasure-boat and its destruction. Let them remember and improve it when sinful pleasure betokens them to its soul-killing bower, and especially when any one offers them the cup which contains a single drop of that fiery death, spirituous liquors. It may perhaps save some, may it save many, may it save all who read it, from drunkenness, from a drunkard's untimely death, from filling a drunkard's grave.

THE COLD-WATER-MAN.

PART THIRD.

THE SOURCE OF INTEMPERANCE.

I. *Four classes of men engaged in producing it.*

Before we can effectually eradicate any evil, we must discover its source. The cause must be removed or the disease will be continually returning. Where then is that tremendous, unexhausted, inexhaustible fountain filled with death, from which the sea of intemperance flows. Where is this

store-house of iniquity? From what reservoir does intemperance receive its supplies? When this is discovered and emptied, and that which fills it ceases to exist, this scourge of scourges, this plague of plagues, will then, and not till then, be wholly banished from the face of the earth.

There are four classes of men who together produce all the intemperate drinkers in the universe. These then, in their united capacity, each however acting a different part, are the efficient cause of all intemperance in the use of ardent spirits. Let any one of these classes of persons wholly cease to exist; and intemperance, like a river which has no supplies, will soon deluge our world no more. Did any four individuals do the ten thousandth part of the evil that these four classes have done and are still doing, they would be viewed as outlaws.—They would be hunted as the tiger of the forest. None would harbour them. None would give them quarter. All would pursue them as common foes. They would be followed night and day. All their devious windings would be marked. They would be ferreted from their lurking places. The thicket, the mountain, the glen, the cave, would be searched. Nor would the pursuit be given up, till they were safely lodged within the bars of an iron grate. How is it then that these four classes of men who are together destroying annually their millions of money and thousands of lives, are permitted to continue their incalculable depredations, and still live unfrowned upon, in the very heart of civil society? We trust that when they are described, and the eyes of the community opened on their crimes, their ranks will be deserted, not a single individual advancing to supply the vacancies, till no such classes will be found on earth.

II. *The First of these Classes.*

This class is composed of such persons as furnish the article of whatever kind it may be, from which alcohol is obtained.—From the saccharine, farinaceous or nourishing productions of the earth and from no other, this pernicious liquid can be tortured. The superabundance of these which God has furnished for the nourishment of man and beast, are by inconsiderate or money-loving persons, transferred to those who will use them in deluging the world with moral, spiritual, eternal death. They are cultivated and sold for the express purpose of distillation. Those who knowingly and wilfully dispose of what is truly nourishing to the human system, to those who they know intend to draw from it a ruinous beverage, cannot be innocent in the sight of Him who requires his accountable creatures to

have a single eye to his glory in all they do. Like the moisture which completely saturates the ground near the fountain head of a desolating stream, this class of men continually supply, though almost totally unobserved, the source of intemperance. By them the distiller is enabled to make intoxicating liquor, the rum-peddler to sell it, and the tippler to drink. It appears then, that those who furnish the articles from which spirituous liquors are obtained, cannot excuse themselves from being guilty accomplices in causing that overwhelming tide of moral evil which the use of ardent spirits produces. They feed, or rather are, the very fountain head of that desolating flood of intemperance which is rolling over our world. If no one could be found who would, on any account or for any price, furnish to distillers a single article from which alcohol could be obtained, intemperance would soon cease to exist, because then there would soon be nothing from which the manufacturer could extract the intoxicating draught.

III. *How Alcohol is obtained.*

Chymical action of some kind, is absolutely necessary to the production of alcohol. Without a chymical process, it cannot be obtained in any quantity. We cannot therefore determine with perfect certainty, whether it does or does not exist in a latent or absolutely inactive state, in any substance. It is more than probable, however, that it does not. This proposition will appear evident to persons of enlarged views, when they reflect that it is almost if not altogether certain, from demonstrative evidence, that all the various substances of which we have any knowledge, owe the whole of their differences, whether of kind or effect, to the different changes or modifications of the same particles of matter, which, in their atomick or simple state, are of the same kind, and produce under like circumstances the same effects. Without a chymical process of some description, alcohol cannot be produced or separated from other particles of matter. It does not exist in any substance, so as to be perceptible, by any of its own peculiar effects, or in any other way, before the substance has been united with others, and has been subjected to the chymical process of moistening, fermentation, chymical affinity or election, or some similar process. After it is produced by chymical action, to separate it from other particles of matter, another chymical process is necessary, such as distillation, precipitation, or the like. All the evidence which we have on the subject, goes to prove that chymical action so changes, modifies or unites different particles of matter, as to produce alcohol, a substance

altogether different in kind and effect, from those used in producing it.

The juice of the grape and of the apple, or wine and cider, before they are subjected to the vinous and acetick fermentation, (which last commences where artificial acidity begins,) contain no alcohol. The juice of these when first expressed, is as free from alcoholick poison as it is in the fruit. And no one ever became intoxicated or even light headed by eating well preserved ripe grapes or apples. Before wine and cider begin to "work" as we say, they would not make a man drunk, sooner than sweet milk would. Hence the toper loves "hard" cider or old wine, because they contain a greater proportion of alcohol than when recently made. When we speak of pure wine or pure cider, meaning that which contains no alcohol, we must intend these liquids before they are subjected to the first stage of the vinous and acetick fermentation, because alcohol is produced in them during this process, never before its first incipient stage.

The various kinds of malt liquor, since they are all subjected, during the process of manufacturing them, to the beginning of the acetick and vinous fermentation, contain a greater or less proportion of alcohol, and therefore ought to be avoided as injurious in some degree to a healthy person. It may also be remarked, that fermentation, though it produces alcohol, always leaves it in an imperfect state; while ditillation, precipitation, or the like process, perfects the destructive properties of the alcoholick particles, in the very act of separating them from other matter. However, the greater the degree of fermentation is, the greater will be the number and perfection of the alcoholick particles. This increase of the alcohol will continue, till the tartness of the liquid becomes so great that it kills or completely neutralizes the alcoholick spirit. This is the reason why the harder the cider is the less quantity will make the toper drunk; and that vinegar, though it may be made from hard cider, when its acidity is perfect, will not produce intoxication.

That alcohol does not exist in the productions of the earth, in their natural state, or when properly prepared for the use of man or beast, will, to say the least, appear exceedingly probable, if not absolutely certain, to every chymist. Because every chymist, nay, even the novice in chymistry, knows that by uniting two or more substances, a third is often produced, which is totally different in its kind and in its effects, from any or all those original substances in their uncompounded state. Thus, for example, Epsom salts may be nothing more than sulphurick acid and the metalloid magnesia, united by chymical affinity.

Though we may admit, therefore, that we cannot determine with perfect certainty, whether alcohol exists in a latent state in other substances, or whether by changing or modifying their particles by chymical action, alcohol is produced, yet one thing in relation to this subject we do know. If it exists in a latent state, in substances as God has created them, or when properly prepared to nourish his creatures, it is not in that situation, injurious; it may be very beneficial. We never hear of a man getting drunk on rye, or corn, or wheat, or molasses, or sugar, or potatoes, or any saccharine matter in its natural state. The alcohol produced by fermenting the paste of which bread is made, is all driven off in the process of baking, so that bread properly baked, contains none of this insidious poison. It is evident from the remarks now made, that if alcohol be found in any of the productions of nature, or in them all, (which is manifest from what has been said, cannot prove to be the case,) it produces none of those injurious effects which are exhibited in bold relief, when persons in health use it freely. When it is tortured by chymical power from the situation in which God has placed it, or when it is produced by the chymical affinity or election of two or more substances, and only then, does it destroy whatever is delightful within the sphere of its operation. No one therefore who furnishes the productions of the soil for distillation, can screen himself from guilt, behind what God has done in giving peculiar properties to these. He cannot be so rash as to say that alcohol is created by Almighty power, in these productions; because he has no evidence to support such an assertion, but much against it. Let no one therefore feel innocent, who pours into the distillery, those articles which it, in various ways, decomposes and turns into a flood of liquid fire. Let all who do this, feel that they are assisting to desolate the world with intemperance. Will the farmer, who is the very heart and sinew of the world, any longer feed the distillery? We hope not.

IV. *The Vinous Drinks allowed in Scripture.*

The Bible commands us to be "temperate in all things."—It permits us to use nothing immoderately. Whatever is intemperance, it positively condemns. The moderate use of whatever it allows, is therefore, temperance. God in his word allows the use, in small quantities, of wine, of mixed wine, and of strong drink. Wine and strong drink were allowed as medicine. The inspired Paul said to Timothy, "use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine oft infirmities." Inspiration also commands us to "give strong drink to him that

is ready to perish." Wine, mixed wine, and strong drink, in moderate quantities, were also allowed on other occasions.—But to multiply quotations on this subject is unnecessary. Every one who reads the Bible with any degree of attention, knows that it allows persons in health, to use, in suitable quantities, wine, mixed wine, and strong drink.

These drinks, God has allowed us to use under certain circumstances. When the scriptures permit the use of wine, it is *wine*, and not (as is the case with the wines in America,) a mixture of wine and spirituous liquors, which they allow us, in moderate quantities, as a beverage. Pure wine is a nourishing, refreshing drink, and may therefore with the greatest propriety, be used in such quantities as will nourish and refresh us, or as will promote our health or real comfort. In similar quantities and for the same reason, milk, coffee, tea and other nourishing or refreshing liquids may, when properly prepared, be used. Any article to which Providence has given those properties which nourish or refresh the human system, man may, when in health, use in moderation. The unadulterated juice of the grape, or wine before it undergoes that chymical decomposition and internal action by which alcohol is produced, is such an article, and may therefore be drank with propriety. But adulterated wines, or wines mingled with alcohol, are no where allowed in scripture, and are in any quantity, to a person in health, always injurious. At the marriage in Cana of Galilee, our Saviour turned water into pure wine, which was therefore nourishing and refreshing, *not* into that which contained alcohol, and was therefore pernicious. He therefore allowed men to drink wine uncontaminated with alcoholick poison.

As strong drink is, by divine authority, allowed for a medicine, and also on certain occasions, as a beverage, it may be used by persons in health. On proper occasions therefore, and in suitable quantities, we may use the strong drink mentioned in the word of God. It is important however, first of all, for us to learn what that liquid is, or rather what it is *not*, which the Bible calls strong drink, and the use of which, in moderate quantities, it allows. For it must always be remembered that the Bible does not, in the least, countenance the intemperate use of any thing. It requires temperance in every proper article of food or drink. What then is the strong drink of the scriptures? All that has yet been said or written in answer to this question, amounts to little more than learned conjecture. And we all know that learned conjectures are generally little, if any, better than learned nonsense. One with a very learned look, tells us that it was a decoction of herbs. A

second affirms that it was the juice of dates and other fruits expressed. Another informs us that it was a mixture of various liquids. Spices, as a fourth will have it, were used to convert wine into strong drink. Another maintains that it was wine having its aqueousness driven off by decoction. But the truth is, we cannot tell what it was. No well authenticated description of it has reached our day. The Bible does not tell us what it was, except by calling it "strong drink." In one passage also, it calls what was probably the same article, "strong wine." Since we do not know from any good evidence, of what it was composed, one conjecture on that subject can scarcely be considered better than another. Nor can any one conjecture be relied on. Indeed to us it is of no consequence whether we do or do not know what it was. Our knowledge with regard to it, is sufficiently extensive; for we know that it was *not* ardent or distilled spirits. It is no where in scripture so called. Nor was the Satanick art of distilling discovered, till long after strong drink was in use. We know also that strong drink, in small quantities, was not injurious to the person who used it, nor to others. God authorised its use. And he never authorises us to injure ourselves or others, or to do what will have an evil tendency. Ardent spirits, as a drink, have such a tendency, and therefore their ordinary use never has had, and never can have, the seal of God's approbation stamped upon it.

Concerning the mixed wine mentioned in scripture, unless we admit that it was mixed with water, the same remarks may be made that were made in relation to strong drink. If the wine was not mixed with water, then we do not know with what it was mixed. But we know with what it was not mixed. It was not mixed with alcoholick liquors. We know that when moderately used it was nourishing and refreshing; for omniscience sanctioned its use. Let us remember then that pure wine, mixed wine, and strong drink, and these in small quantities, are the liquors which we, by divine authority, may use. In the moderate use of these, there is no danger. They promote health. But the scriptures no where sanction any use of ardent spirits as a drink.

From what we have said in relation to wine, we may learn, that the reason why we may, if we have not acquired the drunkard's appetite, use it in moderate quantities, is, because it, in such quantities, is in some degree nourishing and refreshing; and because it either contains no imperfectly-formed particles of alcohol, or its tartness so neutralizes those which it does contain, that it does not injure the person who uses it moderately, unless he is already a drunkard. The same remarks may in

truth be made concerning the moderate use of some fermented liquors, such as cider and the like. But alcohol contains no redeeming quality. In it there is no nourishment or refreshment to strengthen the system, nor yet tartness to neutralize or counteract the pernicious effects of the alcoholick poison; therefore the least quantity of it is, as a drink, injurious.

It is an undeniable fact, that God, in his word, authorises the use of pure wine, mixed wine and strong drink, which, under certain circumstances and in small quantities, were not injurious, but beneficial; but who can imagine, that by doing this, he gives us a license to drink spirituous liquors, a single drop of which, when drank by a person in health, is pernicious? As well might we say, God authorises the use of nourishing food, and therefore we will, while in health, take arsenick; as, that God authorises the moderate use of wine, mixed wine and strong drink, and therefore we will use ardent spirits. Such reasoning is worse than nonsense. It is sheer madness. Who would suffer himself to be hoodwinked by such silly sophistry?

Let no man then, in the United States, pour the fruits of his toil into any one of our 85,000 distilleries. Let no one of the human race assist in feeding any of the hundreds of thousands of these soul-killing machines which are, in such redundant profusion, scattered over the world. Better bury the fruits of our labour in the bottom of the ocean, than pour them on the earth in the form of a flood of liquid destruction. Let no man who loves his neighbour, his country or his God, feed the distillery.

V. *The Second Class, or Manufacturers.*

The next class in order whose business it is to manufacture drunkards, is composed of all those who distill, or in any other way produce alcoholick liquors. He who takes the "good creatures of God" and converts them into ardent spirits, that soul-blighting, hell-securing poison, has an awfully solemn account to settle with his final Judge. What the infinitely wise and benevolent Creator has provided for the nourishment of man, is taken, and from it is produced, by the wicked invention and Satanick art of those who manufacture intoxicating liquors, an article in which nothing nourishing or refreshing can be discovered, and which is desolating the world with misery, and poverty, and crime, and death. Those who change what is truly useful, into that which is, like a pestilence walking in darkness, often destroying before danger is apprehended, ought to tremble when they reflect on the account which they

must soon give of their stewardship. And such are all manufacturers of ardent spirits. They take what God has made to nourish the body, and from it produce a liquid which destroys the soul. How dreadful the thought! Reader, art thou the man? Dost thou distil this desolating poison? Then thy employment is detestable. Forsake it immediately, or misanthropy will soon freeze up the fountain of humanity in thy soul. Were there no manufactories of alcohol, soon intemperance would cease; for the inebriating cup would then ere long, be exhausted; and there would be no fountain at which it could be replenished. Who would continue to fill the drunkard's bowl? Who would spend his time, and ruin his neighbourhood, and destroy his own soul for the sordid gratification of manufacturing ardent spirits? for the disgusting pleasure of making drunkards?

VI. *The Third Class, or Venders.*

Those who vend ardent spirits are another class without which we could have no drunkards. These men spend the time and talents which God has given them to promote the good of their fellow beings, in taking their neighbour's property for that which they know will do him no good, but a positive injury. They often take his money for this soul-destroying poison, when they know that himself or his family is suffering for want of the necessaries of life. How heart-rending is it to see persons who wish to be considered respectable men in society, destroying, both for time and eternity, those whom they ought to love, those whom they may even profess to love as themselves!

Perhaps the manufacturers of, and dealers in alcoholick liquors, may say in palliation of their nefarious conduct, that in this way they support their families. But who, we would ask, has given these men a right to support *their* families by taking the property of others for what they know will injure them? Who has allowed them to increase their income by drawing into their coffers, the money of their neighbour, while they give him in exchange what they have overwhelming demonstration, will destroy his health, his character, his soul? Where shall we find, in the whole round of moral virtues, a principle which will permit men to ruin others, soul and body, for the sake of gain, or as a means of supporting their families? Such a plea in favour of making or vending ardent spirits, is wholly unfounded in principles of justice. It has nothing but baseness to support it. No man can have the least shadow of right to destroy other men's families in order to support his own. To do

this would be to act like the robber who would take the purse of him upon whose life and health his family's happiness depended, and then administer to him a slow poison which he knew would unfit him for usefulness, and would, sooner or later, leave him a miserable wreck of a man by sapping in him the foundations of life. If the robber could not be justified in supporting his family by taking the man's money for the slow poison, though in this way he knew he would ruin both the man and his family, to support his own; how can *they* be justified who, for the sake of supporting *their* families, furnish men with what they know will destroy both them and theirs? The exchange, which, in this traffick, the drunkard voluntarily makes, does not make the liquor valuable, or the evil it produces less certain, or the guilt of those who furnish the liquor less enormous.—When we reflect that a sea of 60,000,000 of gallons of ardent spirits, is annually poured out, by distillers and venders, on the community in our own beloved country; when we reflect that they have sent forth among us, an army of more than 300,000 habitual drunkards, and continually keep it recruited, though 30,000 of them step into eternity every year, our very heart sickens in thinking of the flood of distress which they are thus the means of producing. These men are to drunkenness what the fountain is to the stream. They supply it. If none sold spirituous liquors, the drunkard could not buy. He must therefore from necessity become sober.

Men ought not, for the hope of gain, to engage in evil practices. To manufacture or vend distilled liquor for a beverage, is evidently an evil. None therefore have a moral right to engage in the business for the sake of supporting their families, or for any other consideration. But cannot distillers and venders of ardent spirits, like other men, support their families, by engaging in some useful and honourable employment? Might not the capital invested in distilling and vending ardent spirits, if employed in useful traffick, produce as great if not greater profits than it now does? It is now a well established fact, as appears from the testimony of above 3,000 persons who have relinquished the traffick in the United States, and also from that of many who yet continue engaged in it, and who probably love a *little*, that the profits arising from the sale of spirituous liquors, are nearly, if not altogether, swallowed up by the bad debts caused by intemperance. This traffick cannot therefore claim in its favour even the pitiful plea of gain.

To traffick in an article which does no good, but much evil, cannot be justifiable. Such an article is distilled liquor. He who sells a little of it, does an injury to him who buys it, and to the community, the extent of which cannot be measured by

man. And the larger the quantity sold the greater must be the injury done. If to sell a small quantity be an evil, to sell a larger quantity must be a greater one. If to furnish liquor to one man and thereby to ruin him, be morally wrong, to ruin a thousand men, in the same way, cannot be right. If to scatter misery in one neighbourhood, be odious in the sight of God and good men, to scatter it in a hundred neighbourhoods must be more so. If to retail ardent spirits be an evil of untold magnitude, to sell by wholesale must yet be a greater evil. To sell any quantity then, of this article, however small or great, is an evil, since the article itself does no good, but harm to all who use it for any but medical purposes. Let every conscientious man cease for ever the traffick in that most injurious article, spirituous liquors. And let all remember that if none sold this poison, there would be no drunkards.

VI. [redacted] *Fourth Class, or Drinkers.*

But the last class of persons without which we could have no drunkards, and the worst too, if there can be any worst, where the conduct of all is so exceedingly pernicious, are those who drink distilled liquors. To use intoxicating spirits in any quantity, is to travel in the road that leads to drunkenness. It is to parley with temptation. It is to play with the basilisk. It is to inflame our system. It is to trifle with the soul. It is to make ourselves the dupe of knaves, the derision of fools, the laughing-stock of devils. To use ardent spirits as a beverage, in any quantity, is to prepare ourselves to become food for the monster intemperance. It watches the moderate drinker, ready, every moment to make him its prey. And O! how often does he feel its fang after being bound in its chain! Like an evil spirit, it is prowling about among moderate drinkers. Satan-like it is seeking whom among them it may devour. Who will live thus exposed? Who will stand ready to fill the ranks which death vacates in the army of the drunkards? If none drank intoxicating liquor, there would be no drunkards. This is a truth so evident that even the intemperate can feel its convincing power. When "touch not, taste not, handle not," is the motto of every person in relation to ardent spirits as a drink, then intemperance will cease on earth; then religion, in its chariot of mercy, will ride forth conquering and to conquer; then "holiness to the Lord" will be inscribed on every gospel banner; then a robe of righteousness, with all its peace-speaking influence, will be spread over the earth. How delightful the thought! When shall it be realized? When? Why when all, in principle and in practice, become cold-water-

men. Let no one then taste ardent spirits as a drink, unless he desires to belong to the worst class of those who make all the drunkards and keep them in countenance. Those who drink any, compose this class. Reader, are you one of its component parts?

Intemperance may be compared to the raging flood which spreads devastation throughout its course. Dry up the thousand rills which supply it, and the flood ceases to destroy. It ceases to exist. Moderate drinking in its various degrees, constitutes the streams which are the immediate supply of that tremendous flood of intemperance, which is spreading desolation over the world. These keep it raging in all its fury.—They may, for a time, move imperceptibly along; but they increase in their course, and form, when united, that overwhelming flood of intemperance which, as it rolls over the earth, leaves nothing wherever it moves, but the blank of desolation, the image of wretchedness, the wreck of immortal souls.—Where then is the man that will continue to supply the streams of intemperance, or be himself one of them? Rather, where is the man that will not use his influence, his every exertion to dry up the whole of them? Who will not step forward and say to all, "I will no longer use as a drink, this destroyer of all religion, this extinguisher of all happiness, this bane of life, this poison of the soul." Let the four classes of men now mentioned, whose business is, to make drunkards, view themselves as guilty accomplices in all the crimes which has ever been perpetrated in consequence of intemperance; let them feel that together, they have produced all the evils that drunkenness has thrown upon the world, and I know that they will tremble in prospect of the retribution that awaits them from the righteous judgement of Him who sees their every action. Reader, dash that cup from thy lips. Its poison may kill thy soul.

THE COLD-WATER-MAN.

PART FOURTH.

THE CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

I. *General Remarks.*

We have taken a bird's eye view of the use of ardent spirits. We must see that it is the bane of all that is pleasant or desirable on earth; and that it bars the gate of heaven against the drunkard. We have learned what an overwhelming evil it is. We have discovered that it is rolling like a sea of death over our world. We have sought for and found out the source of drunkenness. We have seen that a single drop of distilled liquor does a man in health an injury, the evil of which it is impossible for him to measure. In view of its withering, eternal evils, what is our duty respecting its use? With these facts, and a thousand more of a similar kind, before his eye, what accountable creature on earth, will not hesitate before he puts the enchanting cup to his lips? In what light ought he to consider its ordinary use in any quantity? A single drop when drank by a person in health, is not a matter of indifference. He can no longer view it in this light. He now knows that the least quantity of it does him a positive injury. The question then with regard to any use of ardent spirits, except as a medicine, is simply this; Is it right or is it wrong to drink any of that which, in the smallest quantity, will injure us? Which class of persons are committing sin, those who or those who do not drink ardent spirits? If it is a duty to injure ourselves and those around us, by drinking a little, then those who abstain entirely are neglecting their duty: But if it is wrong to injure ourselves and others in any degree, then it is wrong to *drink* any quantity of ardent spirits. However much we may be exposed to any hardship in any kind of weather, this liquor does not prevent, but predisposes to disease. It makes those who use it slaves to the bottle; to abandon it

therefore, cannot take away liberty. Since true liberty consists in the privilege of doing what is right, to abandon its use entirely is liberty. Let us all solemnly inquire, what is our duty in relation to this most deleterious liquid? And having discovered our duty, let us perform it with persevering meekness. Are we not all bound by the most powerful obligations, to arrest in its fearful progress, this desolating scourge?

II. *Various methods prescribed to Cure Intemperance.*

Foaming with the rage of a devil; intemperance is marching over the earth. Perfect moral desolation follows in its train. Shall we, or shall we not, arrest its progress? All, with one voice, are ready to exclaim, "Slay the monster intemperance. Its crimes are written in blood. It deserves to die." But though all are ready to denounce intemperance as a deadly evil, many cherish the monster in their bosom; many feed it with their children's bread. Hence the question, how shall we end its ravages? receives various answers.

"Do this," says one, "by drinking moderately." This will not accomplish the object. We have been striving for more than a hundred years to banish drunkenness from the world by drinking a *little occasionally*. We have learned by experience that we cannot dry up the sea of intoxication by pouring ardent spirits into it. The monster intemperance will never die for thirst while fed with a little alcohol. By what is called temperate drinking, we cannot stay its progress. We have long attempted to do this, and it has steadily and rapidly gained ground; and this is the grand reason why Satan, by some of his emissaries on earth, proposes to destroy this, his hell-filling vicegerent, by moderate drinking. He knows this custom leads to drunkenness. He therefore desires that men should continue it under the delusive hope that it will exterminate intemperance. As soon would oil extinguish a flame as moderate drinking would drive intemperance from our country or from the world. It always has and always will, while practiced, increase the evil. But it never can diminish drunkenness.

"Let all drunkards abstain entirely," says another, "and this will arrest the progress of intemperance." Could this be done, it would not banish intemperance from the earth. In a single year, more than 30,000 moderate drinkers would step forward to fill up the vacated ranks of drunkenness. And in ten years the flood of intemperance would be as deep and as broad and as destructive as it now is. Those who, because they love a little, suggest this plan, would probably be among

the very first to re-people the earth with drunkards. By acting on this plan therefore, we can never accomplish the desired object.

"Let no man distill this liquid, fiery narcotick, or traffick in it, and the drunkard and the moderate drinker must both cease to quaff their much loved beverage." This is the plan of the third. If this plan could be carried into effectual execution, it would, it is true, be a perfect remedy for every degree of intemperance. But while men will drink the cursed draught, persons will always be found, whose consciences is so seared with the love of gain, who have so little regard for the publick good, and who are so totally destitute of philanthrophy, that they, for the sake of money, will make and sell spirituous liquors. From this quarter therefore, we have no hope of making a successful attack upon the common foe, intemperance. Men who, like the distillers and venders of ardent spirits, are so in love with money, that to obtain it, they will flood the earth with a sea of pestilential fire, will never wholly cease their nefarious operations, while mortals, in the madness of their folly, will drink. If the monster intemperance were to live till it were slain by such persons, it would live till "time shall be no more," and we might die in hopeless despair.

"The strong arm of the law must strike the monster dead," is the declaration of another. While publick opinion favours the use of ardent spirits, the law cannot arrest, or even retard the progress of intemperance. A law that is not enforced, is useless or worse than useless. To render any law effectual in this country, the people must enforce it. When they, as a body, are opposed to any law or feel indifferent as to its execution, men can easily discover a thousand ways of evading its penalty. If the people say, that to drink a *little* is justifiable, our legislators may lay a tax of one thousand or ten thousand dollars on each distillery in our land, and the distiller will evade the penalty of the law. That no moderate drinker or drunkard will enter a complaint against him for violating the law is certain; and if a complaint be entered, no jury of tiplers will condemn him for doing what they suppose to be morally right. They would execrate the law. They would justify its transgressor. The price of a license to sell ardent spirits, may be so great that no one can make their legal sale profitable; but then men will sell without a license. The evil would not thus be diminished. It might be increased. If then the fatal progress of intemperance is ever completely arrested, it must be done by the influence of the people, that power which gives efficacy to the law. The publick mind must be enlightened on this subject. Men must see and feel that to use ar-

dent spirits as a drink, is an evil. They must learn that to make or vend or *drink* this cup of death, is a crime, and such as deserves to be frowned upon, execrated and punished. To cause such a purified moral sentiment to pervade society, something more discriminating, more enlightening, more powerful than laws, must throw its cheering influence over the community. To accomplish this, an effectual remedy for intemperance must be discovered, and used by the publick.

III. *The Effectual Cure for Intemperance.*

Intemperance is scattering its desolating evils all around us. What shall we do? Is there no cure for this pestilence?—Must this moral contagion continue to exist? Must it continue to increase, till the whole world shall become a dram-shop, all the men and women beastly sots, and every youth and child a moderate drinker? We look on. We see the evil of using ardent spirits. We deplore the evil. We *feel* the evil. Shall we still look on and suffer the evil to progress with incalculable rapidity? Forbid it mercy's angel! There *is* a remedy, an effectual remedy for intemperance; one too that always cures. It is entire abstinence from the ordinary use of all intoxicating drinks. The monster intemperance can be slain by the single blow of entire abstinence. By the same simple means, the whole sea of liquid fire, that has so long desolated the world, can be swept, at once, out of existence. By this, that which has more than widowed the mother, more than orphaned the child, can all be annihilated. In short, entire abstinence will effectually, wholly and for ever, terminate all the evils with which the use of ardent spirits has ever caused in the world. It will dry up this fountain of misery. It will place upon it the seal of eternal forgetfulness. From it, distress shall never be allowed to issue, when all have become, in truth, cold-water-men. That entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, is a perfect and practicable cure for intemperance in its every degree, is an identical proposition, a self evident truth. Who does not know that the entire abstinence [illegible] cannot get drunk? Who does not know that any man [illegible] if he chooses, cease to drink? Here then is a cure for [illegible] stupendous scourge of Satan, intemperance. It is simple, safe, cheap; *cheap* as the crystal stream from the never failing fountain. It is a perfectly effectual remedy; it always cures. The case may be recent or chronick, it may be less or more obstinate; but it must yield, however stubborn, to this remedy. Tippler, use this remedy but for one month, and if during that month of entire abstinence from all alcoholick

liquors, whether distilled or fermented, you get drunk, then say that entire abstinence is not an effectual cure for intemperance. Shall we all adopt this infallible remedy for intemperance, this effectual preventive of drunkenness? Shall we? Certainly. Who can refuse?

IV. *The duty of Entire Abstinence.*

To abstain entirely from the ordinary use of ardent spirits, is a moral duty binding on all men in every age and in every country. For a person to injure himself or others in any degree, never can be morally right. We are all, then, bound in duty to refuse to do so. Those who use the least quantity of distilled liquor as a drink, injure themselves and others. Is it not a moral evil voluntarily to do this? And is it not a moral duty to avoid a moral evil?

Intemperance is confessedly a moral evil of the first magnitude. God positively condemns it in his word. Entire abstinence effectually prevents it. Are we not all morally bound to do all we can to prevent what God condemns? By abstaining entirely we put an extinguisher on intemperance. Since to drink ardent spirits while in health, is injurious, its ordinary use never was, is not now, and never can be justifiable. To refuse to use it thus, therefore, always was, is now, and always will be a duty binding on every rational accountable creature on earth. It never can be right for persons to injure themselves by drinking ardent spirits. When, more than a hundred years ago, this article began to be used in this country as a beverage, was it right? Was it not then, as now, a moral evil to do wrong, or to do what was then and still is, injurious? Was it not then a moral duty to abstain from the evil practice of using ardent spirits? No reflecting person can hesitate in giving an affirmative answer to these questions.

The scriptures in many general prohibitions forbid all evil practices, and therefore that of using ardent spirits. "Do thyself no harm," and "abstain from all appearance of evil," are commands of Omniscience, that condemn not only the ordinary use of spirituous liquors, but also every other evil practice. All therefore are, by divine authority, bound to entire abstinence; for none can maintain that to drink ardent spirits while in health, is not the *appearance* of evil. From this therefore, God commands us to abstain. Shall we, or shall we not obey?

The prophets, the apostles, the primitive Christians, our Saviour, drank none of this poison. None of it existed in their day, nor till long after. We have the example therefore of

all these in favour of entire abstinence from all use of spirituous liquors. Entire abstinence must have been a moral duty, or these would not all have practiced it during the whole of their lives. From all this weight of evidence, it is undeniably certain that to use ardent spirits in any quantity, except as a medicine, is a moral evil, and that to abstain entirely from the poison as a drink, is a moral duty. Which shall we practice in our lives?

V. *The duty of forming and joining Temperance Societies.*

It is a duty at the present day, to form temperance societies and unite with them. This, like the duty of entire abstinence from alcoholick liquors, is not a duty which is binding on the men of every age and of every country. It is a duty of a different kind. It is built on a different, though not less immovable foundation. For those who lived centuries before distilled liquors of any kind existed, to have united themselves into temperance associations, would, to say the least of it, have been useless. Had the formation of temperance societies been a duty binding upon the men of every age and every country, under all ordinary circumstances, then our Saviour who fulfilled "all righteousness," would have formed such associations and would himself have become a member. The prophets, the apostles and the primitive Christians would also without doubt, have formed or joined such institutions, had it been a duty to do so in their day. But we have no evidence that any such societies existed in their age of the world. Nor would they then have blessed the community. They would have been useless; for ardent spirits did not then exist. All, as a matter of course, practiced entire abstinence from them. In ages therefore in which this poison did not exist, and in those countries, if there are any such, where none of it is used, it could not be a moral duty for the inhabitants to unite themselves into temperance societies. Had this been a duty binding on the people of all ages and of all countries, the prophets, the apostles, the early Christians, and above all our blessed Saviour, would not have neglected to perform it. Since to form temperance associations in their day, would have been useless, and since none of these holy men, nor yet our Saviour formed any of them, we must conclude that to do so was not then a duty.

But they have proved to us, that by divine inspiration, they knew that distilled liquor would be one of the many evil "inventions" of wicked men. They have given us many prohibitions which embrace the interdiction of its ordinary use. In-

deed every passage in the word of God, which forbids us to injure ourselves or others, requires entire abstinence from this article as a beverage. The inspired penmen forbid us the use of what is evil, and therefore of this article. They caution us against the appearance of evil, and certainly therefore against this soul-killing poison. But they did not form temperance societies, and therefore to form these is not a duty binding on the men of every age and country.

But have we no duties which are not thus universally binding? Most assuredly we have. Not a few of these duties are binding on us. And we are under as strong obligations to perform them as if these obligations extended to every moral creature in the universe. Our obligation to do our duty can neither be increased nor diminished by the number of the individuals to whom it extends.

We see that the use of spirituous liquors is a most alarming moral evil. We know that in an age and country in which there is none of it, the evil of using it cannot exist. The fact that this evil does exist in our day and in our own country to an alarming extent, calls upon us most imperatively, to do all in our power to banish it from this and every other land. "As we have opportunity" we are commanded to "do good unto all men." In this passage of scripture, God requires us to embrace opportunities of doing good. When, therefore, we have an opportunity of joining a temperance society and of thereby doing good, at least by our example, if we neglect or refuse to do so, we neglect or refuse to obey the command of God.—This is evident from the fact that we do not embrace the opportunity of doing good, thus afforded us in his providence.—Wherever intoxicating liquor is drank by persons in health, there it is the positive, the divinely authorized duty of all to embrace the opportunity of preventing evil and of doing good by forming themselves into, or joining temperance societies.—Now this poison is thus used in our country, and in relation to it, America expects "every man to do his duty," expects every person to become a cold-water-man.

VI. *The importance of United Effort.*

Perhaps one is ready to say, "I know the use of spirituous liquors, in any quantity, is injurious to a person in health: I drink none myself: I, on every proper occasion, show to others that I disapprove its ordinary use by any person. And what could I do more were I a member of a temperance society?" We would say to such a person, as an individual you can do nothing more. But you know that union makes strength.—

A number of individuals *united*, always advance with more force and carry with them greater influence, than the same persons would do if they all engaged singly in the same cause. If ten thousand of the bravest among the brave should enter the field of contest without being united in one band, or led on in battle array, they would scarcely put to flight a hundred poltroons who were united in opposing them.

In this country we have, long since, learned the importance of united effort. We all feel an enthusiastick glow rising in our bosoms when we reflect on that glorious day which gave our nation birth. Then a little band of patriots met and pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honours" in the cause of liberty, and for the salvation of their country. This little band thus having pledged themselves, and being bound together by the strong, unyielding cords of patriotick love, withstood, and repelled too, the concentrated forces of the then most powerful nation on earth. The world struck dumb with wonder, viewed in astonishment, the unequal conflict. It saw a mere handful of men without money, without soldiers, without arms, without munitions of war, without shoes, often without clothes, and sometimes without bread, David-like fearlessly marching out to meet this Goliah of the nations. The admiring world looked on till she who had long sat queen of the nations, resigned almost voluntarily, her seat of honour to the new-born republick.

These men might, as individuals, have felt all that abhorrence to tyranny which they did feel in their united capacity. But had no union of effort taken place among them, the banner of liberty could not have been raised on our shores, as a beacon to direct the nations of the earth in their political course. They signed an instrument in which they pledged their lives, their fortunes, their honour, for the sake others. And shall *we refuse* to sign an instrument in which we pledge ourselves to abstain entirely as long as we choose from the use of ardent spirits? When we see that union of effort against any evil, is its destruction; shall we refuse to unite against that worst of all evils, the use of ardent spirits? When we see those who place their feet on the threshold of the temple of liberty, and on its door-posts wrote in characters of blood, "It shall never be resigned," unhesitatingly subscribing a pledge; shall *we* refuse to sign a pledge, lest we should abridge our liberty? We all love liberty. We are enraptured at the very sound. Sooner than resign this invaluable patrimony handed down to us by those glorious worthies, the heroes of the revolution, we will suffer our right arms to be torn from our shoulders, our hearts to be torn from our bodies, the cords of affection which bind

us to those whom we value much more than life, to be broken by the unfeeling rudeness of the oppressor. No, we all love liberty too well to resign it. We have a right, if we choose, to subscribe a pledge of entire abstinence. To do right is every American's birth-right privilege. And wo be to the man or to the nation that would attempt to deprive us of it! We *have* liberty. Let us exercise our liberty, and unite all our energies in opposition to that fell tyrant distilled liquor, now prowling through our country, ready to rivet the chains of the most fatal bondage, upon all upon whom it can lay its despotick hand. Should any one in whose heart the love of gain has stolen, attempt to persuade us to become this monster's slaves, let us reject the thought with a noble indignation. Let use all our influence to prevent it from throwing its enchanting influence around our fellow-creatures. When none shall be chained by its charm, then we shall all be truly free. The standard of true liberty will then be our country's boast. America will then be the birth-place of genius, the cradle of liberty, the joy of the brave, the terrour of tyrants, the home of the free, the pride of the world. Banish ardent spirits from our country, and soon she will rise to the very heavens in point of wealth, and happiness, and glory. But if we harbour in our bosom, this demon of death, a century will not have rolled its years around, before America will cease to be the home of the exile, the refuge of the oppressed. He who in other nations wears the manacle and the fetter, but whose heart is free as air, will weep tears of blood, when he learns that America, through the influence of rum, has fallen before the despot's frown. When he looks upon his babes growing up in slavery and no American freedom to throw its mantle of comfort round them, his heart will bleed in untold agony. He feels that liberty is more precious than gold, than worlds, than life itself. But America, if ardent spirits as a drink, be not banished from our land, will soon cease to unfurl the banner of freedom in view of the admiring nations; and thus to cheer the stranger, encourage the champion in liberty's cause, and strike with dismay, whoever loves the chains of bondage. Union of effort laid the corner-stone of American liberty. Union of effort is the cement of its temple. Union of effort prevents it from crumbling into the dust. Union of effort can stay, at once, that destroying flood which ardent spirits are rolling over our land. Their desolating evil is great; it is extensive; it is alarming. This is enough to arouse the energies of freemen to unite against it. It is an evil; and because it is an evil, we ought to prevent it if possible——If possible, did I say? To do this most effectually, nothing is necessary, but for all so-

ber men to pledge themselves to entire abstinence, and adhere to that pledge. To the complete success of the temperance reformation, union of effort is indispensable. Let us then as one man unite in this glorious cause. Let us use our liberty to keep ourselves and our children free from the galling, degrading chains of intemperance. Let it no longer be said by foreigners, "the Americans are a nation drunkards." We can prevent it by all uniting in the principle of entire abstinence.

VII. *Of System.*

Those who unite in the temperance reformation, must, to be successful, pursue steadily, a well-digested, regular system in their operations. Prudence and judgement should characterize their every plan. The object which they propose to accomplish, the entire disuse of intoxicating liquors as ordinary drinks, should be engraven on their mind. It should be the centre to which every part of their plan should verge. But the importance of systematick operations to the complete success of any benevolent enterprise, is so clearly and ably presented to the mind by a living author, than whom few hold a happier pen, that I will be excused for quoting his language. "The first requisite in benevolent operations, as in all other undertakings, is system, a fixedness of design, and a steady adaptation of the means to the end. Every step gained in a system strengthens, every step gained without it, weakens. The first object acquired leads to the possession of a second, and that to the attainment of a third, if all the objects to be attained are originally chosen with reference to the accomplishment of a plan. Every new object, where there is no system, divides the already scattered forces; and success, if pursued, might dissipate them entirely, and leave but the vain pleasure of having a number of defenceless stations, each calling for assistance, and all calling in vain; while the society only retained the empty boast of an extended line of operations, and of being equally helpless and inefficient in every quarter of the globe. On a system, each part strengthens the other; the line of communication is kept entire; as each point is gained the whole advances; they are all in movement towards the same position, and they rest upon the same centre of support." The temperance reformation, if it ever extends its mantle of charity over the world, must do so by pursuing a well-regulated system of operations. Those who move the main spring of this mighty, moral, purifying, renovating machine, must therefore be men of intelligence, men of thought, men of activity in the cause. System must pervade the whole. Such men and such only,

can commence and keep in operation, a system which will banish the ordinary use of ardent spirits from the world.

VIII. *Of Perseverance.*

Though systematick operations are indispensable to the successful accomplishment of any object, these in themselves are insufficient, are unavailing. The best plan ever devised by man, if left unused, would accomplish nothing. If we would arrive at a given point, we must not only be prepared to move and to face the proper point of the compass, but we must actually advance and continue to move on, or we will never arrive at the point proposed. The temperance society proposes to dry up the misery-making sea of drunkenness. To accomplish this object, its officers and members must persevere in this glorious work. All sober, respectable persons who abhor intemperance as a detestable evil, ought to unite in opposing it in its every degree. They must do this; or that degrading, demoralizing scourge, intemperance will never wholly cease to flood the earth with misery. When no sober man will taste the drunkard's cup, then and not till then, will the intoxicating bowl be used no more. To accomplish this object, so devoutly desired by every good man who reflects on the subject, temperance men must persevere. Stand forth then, ye friends, ye tried friends of this cause. Let perseverance be your motto. Inscribe on your banner, in characters of gold, "We are all cold-water-men." Give no countenance to the drunkard. Enter the field of contest with the monster intemperance, resolved on a well-planned, judicious uninterrupted attack. Never parley. Admit of no truce. Never sound a retreat. Deal death to it, in every blow. Let "Onward" be your watchword and reply, till this monster wholly expires, till every person on earth ceases to use as a beverage, a single drop of ardent spirits. Consistent cold-water men have enlisted in the army of temperance "during the war." They *must* conquer unless death discharges them; for perseverance overcomes all opposition. Before it, difficulties vanish. Go on then, ye temperance reformers. Take courage. Your final triumph is certain. Persevere in your straight forward course. Intemperance already quails at your presence. It will soon hide its detestable head. It will soon faint and die under the frown of cold-water-men.

IX. *Address to Distillers and Venders.*

Distillers and venders of ardent spirits, permit one who hopes he has the good of the community at heart, to address you as

men and as citizens. Your personal employment is that of which I intend to speak. To engage in some useful calling, you know, is the duty of every man.

Whatever has an evil, a demoralizing tendency, you, as rational beings, know ought to be avoided. Your employment is undeniably of the latter description. You have perhaps long been engaged in it. You have been sending tears of anguish over the community, by the bottle, the jug, the barrel, the hogshead. You have been flooding our land with distilled liquor. You know its evils; for you have seen and felt them. The business in which you are engaged does no good. You do not hope to benefit your customers by selling them ardent spirits. Such a desire never enters your mind. You cannot say that your business is innocent. You know that it is destroying thousands and tens of thousands every year. You know it is making paupers and criminals and demons incarnate of those who would otherwise be respectable men and useful citizens. To do this you know is wrong. You know therefore that your daily business is the practice of immorality; for you cannot believe that to ruin your neighbours, is morality; nor can you say that your business is not carrying moral desolation through the world. Perhaps you have seen and deplored, but continued to practice this evil. Perhaps you have not reflected upon it. But it is much more probable that the love of money has thrown its darkening veil over your mind.—Whatever may have induced you to engage or continue in your employment, it is desolating the world with wretchedness.—You know this truth; because you have seen the drunkard.—After you have seen him, you have continued to hurry others towards the drunkard's grave. This is the direct, the positive, the only tendency of your employment. Will you as rational, accountable, immortal beings continue it any longer? Will you spend any more of your time in filling the world with drunkards? You hold a respectable station in society; will you degrade it by continuing your present nefarious employment?—Think on this subject, and let your conscience decide.

X. *To Moderate Drinkers.*

Moderate drinker, what say you? Shall we or shall we not, arrest its progress, the monster intemperance? By asking this question, I do not intend to insult the pious, the moral, or even the immoral and irreligious reader. You all will say; destroy it at once; for wherever intemperance lays its desolating hand, every vestige of happiness vanishes and misery with all its untold wretchedness appears. You will say, "It

is the duty of all to banish it from our land." But let me tell you, notwithstanding this, your sincere declaration, you are encouraging, harbouring, feeding the monster. Your are perhaps surprised; but believe me, every drop of ardent spirits you *drink*, encourages intemperance. You countenance the use of the drunkard's drink. Do you desire to see intemperance banished from our land? Let every moderate drinker, then, take up arms and oppose, manfully oppose this despotick tyrant. It often comes in the guise of a friend. It cajoles and then it is most dangerous. When it wears the mask of friendship, when it pretends to be useful, when it desires to live unmolested, it will if not opposed, Joab-like, aim a fatal blow at the happiness of those whom it professes to befriend. Trust it not; believe it not. It is watching, Hyena-like, for its prey. Its professions are all deceptive. Its touch is almost certain death. The monster intemperance will not voluntarily retire. It will not leave our country at our bidding, nor will it be driven calmly away. Its resistance will be powerful. It will not move deliberately and pleasantly along, till it arrives at our sea-beaten frontier, and then bury itself for ever beneath the foaming billow. It can neither be banished nor destroyed but by force. Will you all then, cease to feed this monster? Will you all assist to destroy it? Of all foes it is the most fatal. It destroys every thing dear and valuable to man in time and eternity. Will you not, then, in the name of man, in the name of liberty, in the name of God, dash the cup which feeds it, from your lips? Will you not set your faces like a flint, in opposition to it? Will you not advance upon it, wearing the panopoly of entire abstinence? When clothed in this, it will wilt before your frown.

Will you refuse hereafter, to countenance him who drinks the drunkard's cup, or to encourage the drunkard whom it intoxicates? Will you now unite with those who taste not this cup of moral death, who "touch not the unclean thing?"—Will you assist them to present an unoccupied middle ground between the temperate and intemperate, wide as the gulf that separates heaven from hell? Shall we all refuse to drink ardent spirits, lest we ourselves become drunkards, lest our example should lead our neighbours or our children into the drunkard's grave, into the drunkard's hell? The very hell of hell must be the impending doom of him who, by traffick or by precept, or by example, turns his fellow creatures into drunkards. Shall we then drink, and thus by our example, countenance drunkards and others in drinking their fatal draught? If we drink none, shall we then refuse to unite with others for the purpose of banishing this more than Satanick evil from our

land? Shall we refuse to lend our names and influence to those who would slay, with a single blow, the monster intemperance which we all detest? Shall we go with these men and form a portion of their party; or shall we stand back and dishearten them by declining to lend them our aid? Shall we give courage to the drunkard by standing, as we vainly suppose, neutral? Shall we smile or frown as he raises the deadly draught to his polluted lips? On which side shall we stand? Shall we be the friends or the foes of drunkenness?

Moderate drinker, you are on the path that leads to drunkenness and ruin. You encourage intemperance by using ardent spirits as a drink. How long will you continue to encourage, by your example, this ruinous, demoralizing custom? Be entreated by a friend, to forsake it now, and to become immediately, a cold-water-man.

XI. *To Patriots.*

In the patriot's bosom, love of country is the ruling passion. His country is his idol. Touch it, and you touch the apple of his eye. When war with its bloody front appears in the horizon of his country's happiness, distress preys upon the core of his heart. When it spreads its dark, lowering clouds over her glory, anguish strikes his soul with its dagger. He feels, at all times, for his country's woes.

Patriot, a desolating scourge in the shape of liquid fire, is passing over your beloved country. That unrelenting tyrant, intemperance, has set its foot upon her borders. It has commenced its work of death. It is stalking abroad in open day, carrying in its hand, its despotick chain already forged. Its chain is that of the most degrading, fatal bondage. Upon all it meets, it breathes a soul-destroying spell. Their love of liberty vanishes. They embrace their destroyer. With its chain, it binds them as in the unrelaxing grasp of death. It continues to draw tighter and tighter, the cord of despotism, till every generous feeling is forced from the mind, and the poor victim, a voluntary slave, expires in hopeless agony. Patriot, to you, country and liberty are dearer than life. Will you not, then, step forth, and with a noble independence, drive by force of argument and example, this enslaver of the soul from your happy land? I know you will. You see what an insupportable burden it throws upon your country. You are ready to give it the fatal blow. To do this, there is no time like the present. Therefore now slay this enslaving tyrant. Become a cold-water-man.

XII. *To Professional Men.*

You with others have, in the success of the temperance cause, a common interest at stake. Whatever may be your profession, your usefulness in discharging its duties cannot be promoted by drunkenness. Are you a physician? Then you know that the ordinary use of ardent spirits is injurious to health.—You know that it often produces diseases of the most alarming type. You know that it is scarcely possible to cure disease in a drunkard, and that inflammation in him is generally fatal. In pecuniary matters, you know that almost all your bad debts are charged to your rum-loving employers. It is your duty, then, and your interest, and ought to be your privilege, to advance the cause of temperance by becoming a cold-water-man.

Are you a lawyer? Then the crimes of the intemperate are familiar to you. Call them to mind. O, how black the catalogue! What a fearful list of all that is horribly disgusting and base! Has crime to you lost its odiousness? If not, why hesitate to strike out of existence that which multiplies it to such an alarming extent? Why should you blush to dry up one of the sources of crime, by becoming a consistent member of the temperance society?

Are you an ambassador for the Prince of Peace? Intemperance, like a sea of sin, has rolled its mountain waves over the world. Holiness has fled before it, and taken shelter in its sanctuary the pious heart. Wherever this monster lives, true religion dies. You love holiness, and desire to see the cause of true religion flourish. You are anxious to promote the glory of the great Jehovah on earth. Then practice uninterrupted, eternal opposition to intemperance in all its degrees and form; then join a temperance society.

Professional men, you have great influence in civil society. Your learning and talents and other estimable qualities, entitle you to respect. Your opinions are noted and reverenced. Your responsibility is therefore very great. You are all, most solemnly bound to use your influence in promoting the glory of God and the best good of man. Will you do so by subscribing a pledge of entire abstinence?

XIII. *To Professors of Religion.*

Every person both by precept and example, favours entire abstinence from the ordinary use of ardent spirits, or he countenances drunkenness. Professors of religion, which cause do you promote, that of entire abstinence or that of drunkenness? Neutral you cannot be. Are you a cold-water-man,

or do you drink a *little?* When you came out from the world and were received into the church of Christ, you declared your willingness to be "prepared unto every good work." Here is a good work; a work which hides a multitude of sins and prevents multitudes more. Are you prepared to engage in promoting it; or are you ready to say, that you have become "weary in well-doing?" If you are not weary of doing good, why hesitate to give your name in order to promote the cause of temperance which you know to be good?

If you are distilling or vending the article, you know you are manufacturing drunkards, and are therefore living habitually in the commission of the most wilful, atrocious sin.—Who can believe that he has any religion who knowingly destroys his neighbour's soul, is a mere question. Give up your soul-killing trade, or give up your profession of that religion which requires you to "do good to all." You cannot now plead ignorance on this subject. You know that all you make and sell injures the consumer. You know that you seldom or ever furnish it for medicine. As you value the cause of Christ, relinquish this nefarious business in which you are engaged, or relinquish your *profession* of religion. Do not wrap the cloak of religion round a heart which is so attached to "filthy lucre," that for its sake it would suffer you to destroy an immortal soul in hell. A religion that will suffer its professor to act thus habitually, with his eyes open, cannot be Christianity.—If you are yet ignorant on this subject, you have closed the eyes of your understanding against the light of truth which, in its meridian splendour, has been shining around you. Doing this cannot justify you. But you are not ignorant of the evil. This is impossible. A sight of the drunkard has told you, in language which you cannot misunderstand, that the business of distilling or vending ardent spirits is destroying your fellow creatures for time and eternity. *You* are doing this. Others are doing it. Every man who distills, or sells, or drinks ardent spirits, is doing it. All such persons know they are doing this. They all encourage each other in their vicious practice, that of dealing in or using distilled liquor.—They all encourage the drunkard to drink. They will all for his money, give him the poison, at least when he is sober.

Professor of religion, will you knowingly and deliberately destroy, for this world and the world to come, your fellow [illegible] and yet pretend that you love him? O, let conscience answer. Will *you* throw your neighbour into hell for a shilling, and then say you love him? How can the professed follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, harden his heart against the tears of the mother and the cries of the worse than orphaned children

side, he turns the husband and the father into a demon; and to pay him for doing so, often takes the last morsel of bread from their table and leaves them to beg or starve? Will *you* again repeat this crime by making your neighbour drunk?—Will *you* sell him what you know will injure him? Will *you* by drinking, encourage the degrading vice of drunkenness?—Will *you* not join a temperance society and thus do all in your power to discountenance the ordinary use of intoxicating liquors? If *you* will not forsake this abominable traffick, if you will not lay aside the drunkard's cup, how can you believe that yours is the spirit of Christ? For the sake of that religion which you profess, do be entreated to forsake your injurious business, and the pernicious custom of moderate drinking.

XIV. *To the Ladies.*

In conclusion, I must say one word to those who exercise such a sweet, mild, heavenly, and therefore irresistible influence over mankind. Ladies, we are engaged in a glorious warfare. It is one of extermination. We give no quarter.—We ask none. Our enemy is intemperance; that is, any use of ardent spirits as a drink. Our weapons are smiles, and tears, and persuasion, and entreaty. Our field of battle is the world. The particular post which we occupy is our own country.—Our strong hold is our own neighbourhood. Will you engage for us, or for our enemy? There is no neutrality in this warfare. You either drink no ardent spirits or you drink a *little*, a *very little*. If you drink none, you are for us; if you drink any, you are against us. If you are with us with your whole heart, then the victory is ours. Your influence is great, it is powerful, it is irresistible, and will remain so till every man on earth becomes a Turk, a pagan or a drunkard. All the men in the universe combined cannot resist your influence. If you are in favour of our enemy, we cannot succeed. We must eventually give up the contest. We cannot if we would, resist your influence; and we would not if we could. We would only enlist it in favour of the cause which is now spreading the mantle of comfort over the world.

Our cause is one of philanthropy and love. Will you throw your sweet, restraining influence round a world sinking into the gulf of intemperance, and save it? When your Saviour bowed his head and died, when Peter, the bold, self-confident Peter, forsook his Lord, when the other disciples left him alone, when the infant church wept tears of blood over its expiring Saviour, then to throw a drop of consolation into his cup of woe, you were "last at the cross and first at the tomb." And will you not now reach out your hand, and gently lead from

the brink of destruction, almost a whole nation ready to plunge into the sea of intoxication, that rolls its fiery billows below them?

We know the power which you can and do exercise over the community. Did every female in our country frown upon the ordinary use of ardent spirits in any quantity, there is scarcely a drunkard, however debased he might be, in the United States but would become ashamed of his cups and forsake them. Female influence begins at the fireside and extends to every corner of our globe. When it is exerted in favour of a good cause, it blesses the world. But when it is enlisted in the promotion of wickedness, (and unhappily it sometimes is,) it throws a withering curse over the human race. Ladies, you know we are engaged in a good cause. *We* know that we cannot succeed without you. Will you come forward and help us? Will you give us your pledge in favour of entire abstinence? Will you smile on our efforts? Will you frown on our opponents? Will you, heart and hand, engage in this glorious undertaking? The enterprise deserves your notice. Its object is to dry up the fountain of anguish in the broken hearted mother, to wipe the tear from the orphan's eye, to beacon the young man from the drunkard's path, to provide a way of escape for the strong man ensnared, and to snatch the drunkard himself from the brink of hell. To do all this extensively, we need your help, we need it much; without it we cannot accomplish our object. Will you, can you refuse to give us your aid in such an enterprise as this? Whenever benevolence has moved over the world, you have blessed it with your smiles.—And shall we now in vain solicit your approbation? May we not expect your cordial co-operation? Some of you are already with us; some of the best too, where all are good. But we want you all. We feel your worth. Come then, and as one individual, unite in this glorious work; and then intemperance in every form and degree, will, abashed and out of countenance, move with a quick but reluctant step, out of our country, and out of our world too; nor will it leave behind, as the curse of the earth, as the death of your bliss, a single DRUNKARD.

XV. *To All.*

We would now call upon all of every name and of every grade in society, to unite in one irresistible band, and raise an impassable barrier against the tide of intemperance which is destroying every moral excellence with which it meets. Let every man who desires to see his neighbours and friends happy and independent, wholly abandon the making, vending and

using ardent spirits. Let all who would do a very great good with very little exertion, join a temperance society. Reader, when you do this, your influence will be exercised in favour of a good cause. When no person touches the intoxicating cup, how inconceivably rapid will be the increase of our prosperity! Then America will stand as high above other nations in morals and religion, as she now does in civil and religious liberty. Who would not promote the happiness of his country? Is there a person on earth that will not lend a helping hand in the promotion of this cause? Concerning whom shall it be written on the broad face of Heaven, in characters of living light, "He would not when he might, do good by becoming a cold-water-man."

We call upon all who are not yet drunkards, to come forward and help us, by giving their names, their influence in favour of entire abstinence. We ask not for drunkards. We do not hope for their names, and their influence is nothing.—Did we call upon them, our voice would be unheard. We might as well fling musick on the tempest to still its rage, as to invite drunkards to unite in favour of any good cause. We might as well smile on the lightning to arrest its course, as to attempt to call the drunkard from his cups. But let all who are not sots, unite their efforts for the purpose of destroying the monster intemperance. In view of the misery it has caused, the earth might be clothed in sackcloth and the heavens wear weeds of mourning. Let it then be driven from the face of this earth and from under these heavens.

This is a great work. But let all engage in it, and it will easily be accomplished. We invite the Christian, the patriot, the farmer, the merchant, the professional man, the statesman, the mechanick, the labourer, the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the son, the daughter, the brother, the sister, all, all to enlist in the cold-water army.

We call for volunteers. None are too elevated to enter the ranks. None are too low to be admitted. Here all can do good; here, therefore, all may come. No matter to what party he belongs, no matter by what name he is called, the individual is received here with a cordial welcome. Who then, will come and engage in this glorious temperance reformation? We ought rather to ask, where is the man that loves himself, his neighbour, his country or his God, that will refuse? The cause is a blessed one. It will finally triumph. Already in the United States, 5,000 habitual drunkards have been reclaimed. In rescuing these from the vortex of intemperance, what a sea of misery has been exhausted! What an ocean of tears has been dried! What thousands of broken hearts have been

bound up! How many souls have been snatched from the very jaws of that death which "never, never dies!" The all-seeing eye of God, and that only, can discover the whole of the good already accomplished by the temperance reformation. May its benign influence extend. May it [illegible] and its principles be acted on in every corner of our now intemperate world. May cold water, that sovereign remedy for intemperance, soon be substituted every where for intoxicating drinks. To accomplish this grand object, let all men join temperance societies, and so far as distilled liquor is concerned, become in very deed, cold-water-men. Let none taste ardent spirits, except as a medicine.

XVI. *Except as a Medicine.*

Except as a medicine! Except as a medicine! I could almost wish that this phrase, so far as it relates to ardent spirits, was banished from the English language. Why use this poison of the soul for a medicine? "What!" the physician will say, "must these cold-water-men take away our medicine?—Will they, in their temperate phrenzy, ransack the very apothecary's shop and take away his drugs?" In their astonishment they will perhaps ask, "How can we cure the sick without alcohol? How can we dissolve our gums and resins without alcohol?" We would answer, do both just as your old prototype Esculapius did, long before alcohol was invented by wicked men. Every physician knows that there are many articles which, as diffusive stimulants, will supply the place of ardent spirits. And concentrated acetick acid, together with the other menstrums, especially the oils, acids, alkaline, lixiviate, &c. will dissolve every gum or resin, or any thing else that can be dissolved by alcohol, and is necessary in curing diseases. There is, therefore, no absolute necessity for retaining alcohol in the physician's study or in the apothecary's shop.—It is not an *essentially necessary*, though a very convenient, and often a useful, medicine. We might, then, live and be healthy and happy, if all the alcohol in existence were thrown into the sea, and not another drop of it ever again tortured from the "good creatures of God" to destroy the souls of men.

XVII. *The Pledge.*

The pledge which all who become members of temperance societies are required to subscribe, is not an oath, a solemn vow, or a covenant entered into with the Sovereign of the universe, as we are sometimes told. It is simply an *agreement*

which the sober part of the community enter into with each other, for the express purpose of discountenancing the ordinary, which they know is in any degree, an improper, an injurious use of ardent spirits. The substance of this pledge or agreement is as follows:

We the subscribers, residing in the town of in the county of believing the ordinary use of ardent spirits, in any quantity, to be injurious, do therefore agree, that we will not use them ourselves or give or sell them to others, except for medical purposes, in cases of bodily infirmity.

Any person who subscribes a pledge by which he agrees to abstain entirely from the ordinary use of ardent spirits, has the privilege of erasing his name whenever he chooses. By this agreement, every soldier in the army of temperance is a volunteer, not merely when he first enlists, but during the whole time he continues in the ranks. Not a pressed man can be found in the whole body. Who will come forward, then, as a volunteer, to promote this glorious work? We would not use compulsory measures if we could. We desire volunteers; nonc but volunteers. Who feels it to be a privilege to unite with the sober part of the community, in throwing the blush of conscious shame on him who will venture to drink the drunkard's dram, and thus encourage drunkenness? Such are the persons we desire. Let all who feel thus come forward and join the cold-water society. We cheerfully extend to them our hand and give them a hearty welcome. Reader, will you come?

THE COLD-WATER-MAN.

PART FIFTH.

OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

I. *Objections of Distillers and Venders.*

That any person should object to the principle of entire abstinence from the ordinary use of ardent spirits, is one of those truths which can be accounted for, only from the fact that "the carnal mind is enmity against God."

1. The manufacturer and vender of distilled liquor strive to quiet their consciences by saying, that "It is right and justifiable to make and vend what they choose, if they can find purchasers; that the evil consists in using, not in making and selling this article." It is *possible* that these men *may* be sincere in making such declarations as these. For their own sakes however, we doubt their sincerity. If they are truly in earnest when they make them, they must not be surprised if reflecting persons should think them bordering on idiotism or lunacy. What! no harm in making and selling liquor on purpose to be drank, and an evil to drink it! Who but the man whose heart has been hardened by the indurating influence of rum, could maintain that there is no harm in making or vending, what it is an evil to use? Do such men really suppose that there is no harm in taking their neighbour's property, for what they know will injure him. Do they acknowledge that to defraud or rob their neighbour is an evil? How then can those men be innocent who take his money in exchange for what they know has a tendency to kill both soul and body? If they take it and give him nothing in exchange, it is, according to their notions of propriety, improper; but not so to give him for it what they know will injure him, and all over whom he has any influence, and all with whom he associates. This truly is a principle unknown in ethicks, a principle which Christianity abhors, which men of sense ought to blush to name. But if the evil, the whole evil consists in drinking, not in making and vending ardent spirits, why do they not with all their hearts, promote those societies whose object is to prevent men from *drinking* distilled liquor?

If to distill and vend ardent spirits be justifiable, then those who engage in the business certainly may pray that God would prosper them in it. Is there a distiller or vender of this poison on earth, so perfectly hardened in sin, as to be capable of uttering this petition? "O Lord, thou heart-searching God! deign to accompany with thy blessing, this hogshead, or barrel, or jug, or bottle, or glass of ardent spirits, which I am now sending forth on the community, or which the drunkard is hugging to his bosom as he staggers from my door. May it be the means of doing great good to souls, of promoting the cause of Christ and the glory of God. May every quantity however small, which I sell do much good to my neighbourhood, to my country, to the cause of Zion which I love." Is there a single dealer in the article, who dare pray such a prayer? If none of them dare, it is an undeniable argument, that none of them really think their business innocent; that they are so certain of its injurious tendency, so certain that it is in itself a fatal

evil, that they dare not pray for God's blessing to rest upon it. That upon which we dare not ask God's blessing to rest, we know to be evil. If the conscience of distillers and venders of this article, will not, without giving the alarm, allow them to ask upon their business, the blessing of Almighty God, there can be no doubt but that they know that what they are doing to deluge the world with this liquid, is an evil, a fatal evil, the practice of which they ought to abandon immediately.—Who can say that to make the drunkard's drink and put it into his hand, is not an evil?

If after seeing the extent and magnitude of that desolation of which they are the very source, they continue their pernicious employment, they sin with their eyes open. Their iniquity admits of no palliation. A flood of light is thrown upon the devastation which they have caused. Their crime begins to appear in all its dreadful reality. It has become evident as if written with the lightning's glare on every sign for a grocery, or tavern, or store in our land. It is undeniable as if a voice of thunder declared it in every ear. On earth it is inscribed in characters of blood. It is pencilled in the registers of eternity. It is ready to fly in their face and harrow up their soul and seal their condemnation at the day of judgement. If love of gain now shuts their eyes on this awfully deformed demon of destruction which is annually destroying its thousands, if they continue to harden their hearts and blind their minds and sear their consciences, by continuing to do what they ought to know, what they do know is producing so much misery and ruin, it will soon be, (nay it now is,) impossible for them to convince reflecting men that they are innocent, or that their sin is one of ignorance.

2. But the vender of spirituous liquors, whose conscience begins to sting a little, says, as a palliating excuse for what he feels to be a nefarious practice; "If I do not furnish the drunkard with ardent spirits, others will." What an excuse this is for doing what we know, and are ready to acknowledge is wrong! What a principle this for an accountable being to regulate his actions by! To commit a crime because, if he does not, another will! Who except a vender of rum would not be ashamed to let such a principle of moral conduct pass through his mind? Who but a lover of rum could be governed by it?

If it be an evil to make and vend ardent spirits as a drink, the more that engage in the business the greater will be the evil. In this respect it is like all other crimes. If the number who engage in it be increased, the individual guilt of each will not thereby be diminished. But the evil to the community would be proportionably magnified. One is not less guilty

because another commits or may commit the same crime. My neighbour would not be justified for burning my house, because if *he* did not an incendiary would. On what principle, then, can the merchant or innkeeper be justified in making his neighbour drunk, because if he did not the grocer would? But how does the objector know that if he did not give the drunkard rum, another would? His example in holding the cup to his neighbour's mouth, has led others to engage in the manufacture of drunkards. How then does he know but that by refusing to sell ardent spirits, to the drunkard, he may induce others also to refuse? But why does not the man who sells the intoxicating cup to the sot, when he knows it is wrong, tell us the honest truth? We all know it. Why does he not say, "I would rather grasp the drunkard's sixpence than refuse him the poison which I know to be my duty. It is the love of 'filthy lucre' that leads me to destroy my neighbour whom I ought to love. For money, for money, and for a very little of it too, I have already thrown many souls into hell; and am crowding others as fast as possible into the same pit of unavailing wo." Let no man ever attempt to still his conscience or justify himself for doing wrong, by this most pitiable plea, "If I do not commit this crime, others will."

3. However one comes forward triumphantly with a declaration which he supposes will effectually excuse him from all blame in this matter. "I," he will declare, "do not sell to the intemperate. I only sell to moderate drinkers, or to the drunkard when he is sober." Indeed, you will, when the drunkard is sober, give him enough to destroy his self-command, to make him stagger and reel; and then you will send him to another to complete that ruin which you have begun. You will, with a siren's voice, lure the temperate drinker into the wild mazes of intemperance, and then leave him a miserable wreck of what he once was, to be wholly destroyed by others. While the man can pay you for his drams, and is not a disgrace to your house, you fill his cups. But so soon as you have deprived him of his property, his self-command, his happiness, his reputation, his usefulness, his health, you banish him from your presence; and then you lead others into the very same course of dissipation. Is this a less evil than to sell to drunkards?—You will not give the fiery cup to the sot, but you will lead the moderate drinker to drunkenness. Is not this your course of conduct, like leaping out of a pot of boiling water into one of boiling lead to cool yourself? Is it possible that you can think it right to sell liquor to him who calls himself a moderate drinker, and thus lead him on to intemperance, while you consider it a crime to put the cup of death into the drunkard's hand?

Of the two evils, would it not be much the least to continue to sell to the confirmed sot, and spare the moderate drinker? For the one, there is little or no hope. The other may yet be saved to himself, his family, his country, his God. If, notwithstanding the flood of light that has burst on this odious traffick, you *will sell*, we would entreat you, in the name of humanity, to sell to the intemperate. But spare, O, spare the moderate drinker! His case is not yet hopeless. It is true, he is on the way to drunkenness. The gulf of dissipation is before him. He is rapidly approaching it. His present course leads to the drunkard's grave. Into this he will soon enter unless he turns. Do not then, we entreat you, entice him forward in that road which leads directly to intemperance. Do not give another drop, no not for worlds, to the temperate drinker. We plead for him. In the name of mercy, O, spare him!—Lead him not into the quicksands of dissipation from which so few were ever delivered. If you must have a victim, take a drunkard, one who is almost, if not altogether lost. But do not lead to destruction, one who, if your spell be not thrown over him, may yet be saved.

II. *Of Drunkards.*

1. The man who knows he is a drunkard, who intends to continue his intemperate habits, but who wishes something to justify, or at least to excuse his vile practice, declares, "I may as well get drunk on rum as on fermented liquors." The insinuation contained in this declaration is, that cold-water-men become intoxicated on wine, beer, cider, &c. Every one acquainted with temperance men, knows that this insinuation is generally, if not universally, false. But if this were the fact, we all know that it would not palliate in the least, the drunkard's crime of intoxication. One man becoming a drunkard does not justify another's intemperance, any more than one man becoming a thief justifies another in stealing. But is it true that to get drunk on distilled liquor is no worse than to get drunk on that which is fermented? In ardent spirit there is no redeeming quality. It has in it nothing nourishing or refreshing to strengthen or revive its victim; nor even tartness to neutralize its alcohol in the least. The system therefore of him who gets drunk on alcohol, is deranged and racked and thrown into a diseased state, while it receives nothing to neutralize the poison; nor is it at all nourished or refreshed by the article. He who becomes intoxicated on fermented liquor, uses immoderately, that which has in it both nourishment and refreshment, and whose acidity neutralizes, in a measure, the

destructive power of the liquor. The system is strengthened and refreshed in a degree, by that which produces the intoxication. Hence, to become inebriated on ardent spirits is more injurious to the body than it would be to become equally so on fermented liquors. The example of him who gets drunk on this nefarious poison, is the more dangerous, and therefore the more injurious. As to the appetite for alcohol, or the disease of drunkenness, distilled liquor and that only, will usually produce it. It is therefore evident that, though to become intoxicated on any article, is an exceedingly aggravated moral evil, yet to become intoxicated on ardent spirits, injures the drunkard and the community much more than to become intoxicated on fermented liquors, and is therefore much the greatest evil.

2. But the drunkard when he becomes mellow, or "hot," as he would say, presents himself with another objection against the movements of these cold-water-men. He, while his neck almost refuses to sustain the weight of his head, and his legs that of his body, advances. Staggering and reeling, he extends one leg to the right as a brace for his body, and before he has it fairly planted on the ground and has steadied himself, he sags to the left where the other in its turn reluctantly performs the same office. When, by often repeating these movements, he finds himself as he supposes, within hearing, he with a rum-created hiccough, stammers out; "Hear——me.——These——hiccough——cold——water——men——are——not——temperate.——Temperate——men——take——a——little——like me." We would not have noticed the drunkard's speech, had not some men who have not yet become complete sots, occasionally quoted it as an excuse for drinking a *little*, and in order to throw a veil over the minds of the unwary. And we only mention it now to show to what miserable shifts those men are driven, who oppose the temperance cause. Whoever saw the man drunk, tipsy, fuddled, or mellow, that did not taste intoxicating liquors? Such a one cannot be intemperate in the use of ardent spirits. But will the drunkard tell us how much, in his estimation, a man must drink in order to become temperate? To do this would make him stagger as effectually as if he had drank a quart of the "good creature." Into what despicable absurdities those men will run, who are determined, right or wrong, that the fatal monster intemperance shall live! We would say to every man of sense; forsake that cause which will hang a hope of self-defence on such a hook as this. If it stands at all, it stands on a foundation of which men of sense ought to be ashamed. Flee from it then, and take a fearless stand on the side of entire abstinence.

III. *Of Moderate Drinkers.*

1. One who loves a *little*, with a soothing smile and graceful bow, presents himself and his bottle, with—"A little, my dear sir, will do you no harm." No harm! no harm! a little will do you no harm! Why, that is a singular recommendation. Men of sense take what will do them *some* good. If I will be none the better for taking it, then the time spent in using it will be wasted, and the trouble of drinking will be labour in vain. The liquor, too, will be wasted, and its disagreeable taste will be endured for nothing. No harm! no harm! But is it, in fact, such an innocent article that a little will do no harm? A little of it makes some persons drunk, and does that little do no harm? A little drank by a healthy person whose system is not already deranged with its influence, may be felt passing like electricity, through the various parts of the body, or flying at once to the brain, there to turn reason into an idiot, and thence to throw a palsied weakness over the whole man, to unnerve his strength, and to render him incapable of powerful, persevering action. And does that little do a person in health, no harm? A little predisposes to, and causes a multitude of diseases of the most incurable type.—And does this little do no harm? Every drop which a person in health suffers to pass his lips, unless it be useful as a medicine, is injurious. The declaration then, that a little will do us no harm, is, unfortunately for those who love a little, not true.—For a little, even a single drop, *will* do harm to a person in health. A little taken occasionally, forms in time, the drunkard's appetite. And who will say there is no harm in this?—Let no one then ever again say to a person in health, concerning alcoholick liquor, "A little will do you no harm." A little of it *always* does some and *often* much harm." But were this declaration true, what man of sense would spend his time and money, and associate with tipplers, merely for the sake of doing himself *no harm*? Let us then drown the man from our presence who dares to say a second time, "A little will do you no harm." His example will poison the morals of our children. He may be the means of destroying our own souls. He is seeking our ruin. And shall we listen to his siren voice, while the burden of his song is, "A little will do you no harm." No, let us teach him by our positive refusal, that we know that death is in the cup; that every particle of it is, as a drink, injurious, and will if used, do us we know not how much harm.

2. Others declare, "We drink but very little; our habits are formed; we are therefore in no danger." To such I would say in the language of inspiration itself: "Let him that think-

eth he standeth, take heed lest he fall." If you are already in the habit of drinking, if you yet stand, you stand on the brink of an awful precipice. The ground on which you stand is moving towards its verge. Your imaginary safety only renders your danger doubly dreadful. You ought, at once and for ever, to dash the cup from your lips. In doing this and in no other way, you may hope for safety. But perhaps you only drink a little occasionally. This occasional drinking, with too many is, whenever they can obtain the glass. But suppose you have no particular desire for it, though sometimes when it is offered, you drink because others do. Entire abstinence then will be no inconvenience to you. You may as well abstain entirely as not, and thus by your example at least, do all the good in your power. But after all, why should you occasionally injure yourself a *little*, by drinking a little? Why should you occasionally set a bad example to those around you, and especially to the young, by drinking a *little* in their presence? Why do you lend your example to the devil that he may use it in persuading men to believe that drinking is reputable? Why should a man take a little medicine when he is in perfect health, especially if by using it he injures himself and those with whom he associates? Can you give a reasonable answer to these questions while you continue to drink a little! If you cannot, then never again while in health, drink a little of that, a small quantity of which does such untold mischief.

5. "But a little spirituous liquor is nourishing and refreshing," is the declaration of one who would almost as soon lose his right hand as his cups; "may I not, therefore, take a little?" That which has in it nothing nourishing or refreshing cannot nourish or refresh the human body. That distilled liquor can neither nourish or refresh, is a fact almost too notorious to need proof. Who does not know that ardent spirits are wholly destitute of every nourishing and refreshing quality? Who can look at the drunkard and doubt that his drink is thus destitute? Who is yet ignorant of the fact, that a person deprived of nourishing food, will die the sooner by using distilled liquors? They do not refresh, they only exhilarate the system for a short time, and then leave it more depressed and enfeebled than it was before. Let no man, therefore, drink a little for the sake of being nourished or refreshed. Ardent spirits have no power to do either. Those who drink them for this purpose will certainly be deceived. Men may mistake exhilaration for refreshment, or excitement for nourishment.—But since they contain nothing nourishing or refreshing, it is impossible for them to nourish or refresh those who use them.

Who can be sossimple as to seek nourishment in that which contains none? Who but a tippler that dearly loves a *little*, could do this? Not one. Where is the man of sense, then, who will venture to say that a little of that which contains no nourishment, is nourishing; or that a little of what cannot refresh, is refreshing? We verily believe that the number of such persons is now very small, and is continually becoming less.

4. "A little of this article," as one class of persons maintain, "is cooling, and will therefore enable us to endure, more comfortably, the oppressive heat of summer." How that which, when it has completely saturated the human system sometimes produces spontaneous combustion, can be anti-calorifick, or be what can resist heat, is a question to answer which might puzzle a tippler with all the powers of rum to assist him. Since we have on record several well authenticated instances of spontaneous combustion, the fact of such combustion taking place, cannot be doubted. The cases of this kind worthy of credit, were, except one, females much addicted to the use of ardent spirts. And though the human body is composed of a variety of combustible materials, yet it will not take fire and be consumed, even by smothered combustion, unless it be surcharged by an extraneous inflamable substance. How then is it possible for that to be cooling which, like an inward flame scatters combustible materials through the system, and scorches the very vitals of him who uses it? To determine this point would require the powers of a salamander that is said to feast on fire.—Till we find that what will burn will cool us, it is in vain to talk of spirituous liquors enabling us to resist the sultry heat of summer. It does not in the least counteract the heat of warm weather. Experience, which is the only sure test of theory, confirms the remark now made. Those who do not drink ardent spirits, endure the heat of summer with as little, nay with less inconvenience than those who do. Who would drink liquid fire to cool himself in a warm day?

5. "Then," say another class, "a little will certainly warm us in cold weather." A little fire or nourishing food will warm us, or prevent the cold from producing an injurious or disagreeable effect. Food or exercise or both will keep the blood and other fluids of the body in circulation, and thus preserve or increase its natural heat. The heat of fire when moderately applied to the part which suffers from cold, soon restores it to an agreeable temperature. But that unnatural heat which spirituous liquors produce, and which burns up the human vitals, affords no more protection against the cold of winter than it does against the heat of summer. It benumbs the living

functions; and therefore a person will freeze the sooner for drinking ardent spirits in any quantity. Whom do we find frozen to death or nearly so in the mountain snow drift? Is it not the drunkard, or the man who, in his own estimation, drinks a *little?* Whom do we see shivering with cold in the morning, while the temperate labourer with a noble independence marches to the musick of his own shrill whistle, goes to his employment regardless of the pinching frost or chilling wind?—Is it not the individual who spent the previous evening over the cups? His trembling joints, his tottering gait tell us who he is, in language too plain to be misunderstood. Who in the stage coach is almost continually complaining of the cold?—Why it is the man who would keep himself warm by taking a dram at the end of every route, and as often as may be convenient besides. Let no one therefore ever attempt to keep himself warm, or to become warm when cold, by drinking a little of that which never counteracts, but always, by its deleterious influence, increases the effects of cold as well as of heat on the human system.

6. But those who seem determined to find a lurking place for the monster intemperance to hide in, lest he should be destroyed outright by his deadly foe, entire abstinence, say:—"When we labour hard in the warm, sultry sun, a little will keep the cold water from injuring us." It is true, we often hear of intemperate persons falling down dead, almost instantaneously, after taking a draught of cold water. But who ever heard of cold water destroying life, before distilled liquors became an ordinary beverage? Who at the present day, ever hears of an individual that has never drank ardent spirits, being injured by the use of cold water? If then the use of this pernicious liquid, so deranges the human system, that pure water which God has provided in such rich abundance for every thing that lives on earth, and which is so refreshing to all, will chill the fountain of life, and drive the soul from the body, surely it ought never again to be permitted to vitiate our taste, or enter our stomach. But if the object of those who use this article professedly for the purpose of preventing the evil that cold water might do them, be the true one, why not use some one of the thousand other preventives which are cheaper, more easily obtained, or are nourishing? If we mix milk, vinegar, molasses or sugar with water, the latter will not then injure us. Many kinds of beer make a safe and wholesome drink. If, before we drink, we apply a little cold water to our wrists and temples, it may then be used in any suitable quantity with perfect safety. If, after arriving at the fountain, we tarry a few minutes before we drink, we will then experience

no inconvenience from the free use of cold water. Therefore in using this refreshing beverage, those who refrain entirely from ardent spirits as a drink, have little or nothing to fear.—And for those who are in danger from its use, there are so many safe ways of preventing any evil results, and those so very easily practised, that no man can be justified in resorting for this purpose, to that which is dangerous and injurious. It is vain for a person to say that he uses spirituous liquors merely to prevent the water from injuring him, when he could, by using nourishing articles, with the same convenience and much less expense, prevent any danger he might be in from that source, and at the same time remain perfectly safe from that ten thousand fold greater evil, intemperance. In using nourishing or refreshing articles, he would neither injure himself in receiving them, nor others by his example.

That the apprehended evils arising from any necessary use of cold water may be prevented without drinking a single drop of ardent spirits, is now perfectly evident; because many labour, and labour hard, and drink cold water and enjoy good health and sound minds, and calm and peaceful dispositions, while they "touch not, taste not, handle not" the drunkard's accursed poisoned cup. Let the tippler then throw off this mask; and if he continues to drink, let him no longer say that he does so to prevent the cold water from injuring him. Let him stagger out from behind the curtain and say what we all know to be truth, that he drinks because he loves the deadly draught. If he does not feel willing to stand forth in his true dress; if he is satisfied that he needs an excuse for his present mode of drinking, let him abstain entirely; and no man except the drunkard will ask him to offer an excuse for *not* drinking.

7. There are men, and men too, whom we would fain call respectable, that actually slander the labouring part of the community, by affirming, "they will not work without ardent spirits." Now this is not true with respect to, I had almost said, one labouring man in a thousand. There is scarcely a man in our country, who labours for his daily bread, but would rather work without distilled liquor of any kind than to associate day after day with a drunkard. Even the drunkard himself will, unless he has become a beastly sot, labour without his dram. We appeal to that very respectable and numerous class of our citizens who labour for others, and we would ask them as a body and as the very heart and sinew of society, if they do not feel themselves insulted, by the very thought that they will not labour, unless ardent spirits are furnished them. One thing we do know on this subject. Those who furnish ardent

spirits will stand the chance of having, as their workmen, all those who are excessively fond of rum, while those who furnish none will obtain the temperate, and therefore the best hands. Indeed temperate men will not, when they can avoid it, labour in company with the intemperate. We need not attempt to prove that temperate workmen are the best. Every one knows this. Every one knows too, or might know, that the same man, when he abstains entirely from the use of ardent spirits, will do more work in a week, or a month, or a year, than he would do if he drank this enfeebling poison. And almost every person who is in the habit of hiring labourers, knows from his own experience, or from scores of examples around him, that the best workmen, and those in abundance, labour cheerfully for persons who tell them before an engagement is entered into, that no spirituous liquors will be furnished. Nor is there one drunkard in a hundred that will refuse to work for a cold-water-man, though he knows that cold water will be his beverage while he labours for such a man. Cold-water-men carry on large farms without rum. They employ hundreds of workmen in mechanical and manufacturing establishments, and no liquor is used. It is not true therefore that men will not work without rum. Even the sailor now ploughs the ocean without it. More than four hundred ships sail from ports in the United States without a drop of it on board, except in their medicine-chests. Who then in view of these facts, will hazard his reputation for veracity, by saying that men will not labour unless ardent spirits are furnished them as a drink?

8. "We can govern ourselves," say one class of persons, when asked to join a temperance society. Such are the very persons we wish most of all to join. They are possessed of such powers of self-government that they can, either with or without subscribing a pledge, abstain entirely from the use of intoxicating liquor. They will be an honour to the cause of temperance. They will promote it. Those who cannot govern themselves, if they become members, only injure the cause by violating their pledge. Those who can govern themselves are the very life and soul of temperance societies. We would say to the objector, if you can really govern yourself, come out from among those who cannot, and join a temperance society. But can you so govern yourself as to abstain entirely from the ordinary use of ardent spirits? Where is your proof that you can thus abstain? You have proved that you can drink. But unless you abstain entirely, we have no evidence that you can in this matter govern yourself. Furnish the proof. Try the experiment. Perhaps you will find that your own safety will require you to join a temperance society. If you discover, af-

ter making a fair trial, that you cannot govern yourself, that you cannot abstain entirely, then you have approached too near the drunkard's grave to be of much service to the temperance cause. But if you can govern yourself, then you are the very person of all others that ought to exhibit your powers of self-government, by abstaining entirely from the use of alcoholick drinks.

9. Another class say, "We are decidedly in favour of the temperance reformation; but we wish to treat our friends who visit us." We would say to such: Treat your friends with kindness, and attention, and respect. Be, in every sense of the word, hospitable. But be not suspicious of your friends. Do not injure their characters by supposing that they love a *little*. If they are indeed your friends, do not offer them what you know will injure them. If they have already acquired a love for spirituous liquors, they ought no longer to be numbered among your friends. Their influence may lead you into the paths of the destroyer. Their example will ruin your family. Let no lover of this fiery liquid, be a welcome inmate of your house. Those who deserve your friendship have no desire for this fatal poison. Dispense with it then wholly, as a hospitable beverage.

10. "Those cold-water-men drink behind the door," is the declaration of one who, judging others by himself, imagines that every man must love a *little* as well as he does. But how, we would ask, do you know that these men "drink behind the door." You cannot see through the door, especially if it is a panel one. When they leave their hiding-places, their breath does not tell to every individual within twenty feet, that they had "kissed black betty," as you sometimes call taking a dram. How is it that your breath smells so much like a hogshead of rum unheaded, when you take a little in the most retired corner; while the cold-water-man who takes, as you say, "a small horn behind the door," has no tell-tale breath to inform all near him that he has been drinking? Now we verily believe that the breath of the cold-water-man would smell of rum if he drank it, almost as much as that of another individual. To be serious, there is nothing to induce these men to drink behind the door. They can have their names erased from the temperance list, whenever they choose. Many of them are men of integrity, and therefore would not deceive if they could. Those who are not honest in their professions of temperance, could not deceive if they would; for [illegible] invariably be detected by their breath. The declaration therefore that cold-water-men, in good standing in the society, drink ardent spirits behind the door or secretly, is not true.

Members of the temperance society ought however to adhere religiously to the terms of the pledge. Indeed it might be well as a matter of prudence and expediency, and to shut the mouths of these captious cavillers, for those engaged in the cause to abstain not only from all ardent spirits, as the pledge requires, but also to abstain from all fermented liquors, and especially from the ordinary use of wine.

11. One says, "Let drunkards join temperance societies. They need to be reformed. I am a temperate drinker. I am therefore in no danger." This is precisely the objection that the veriest drunkard in the streets would make. But we will suppose for a moment, that you never get drunk, or at least only on particular occasions, such as Christmas, new-year's day, the fourth of June, &c. What then? The little you drink does you an injury, sets a bad example for others, and has a tendency to ensnare the young. By drinking a little you say to the drunkard that you approve of drinking. You say you drink only what will do you good. He thinks he takes just enough to do him good. In vain you point out his mistake, while you teach that it is right to do what he supposes he is doing; that is, to take a little. You say, "Let drunkards join temperance societies." Do you think these associations are good and useful? When or where did you ever hear of drunkards associating together for any good object? What do they ever attempt that is useful? What are they good for, if they should endeavour to accomplish any laudable undertaking? Whenever any laudable association is formed for any purpose, it is composed of sober men. These often unite for the purpose of banishing evil from the community, or for promoting the cause of virtue, of learning, of liberty, of religion. The sober part of the community must unite against intemperance, if it is ever banished from the world. When every sober man ceases to drink, intemperance will soon cease to exist. Men who are not drunkards drink ardent spirits; and this is the sole reason why any drunkards are found on earth. Let this truth be indelibly written on every mind, that if there were no moderate drinkers there would be no drunkards. When you believe this truth and practice on it, you will then feel that the temperate ought to join temperance societies, for their own sakes, and for the sake of those with whom they associate.

12. When the tippler is borne down with an irresistible torrent of evidence, when he writhes under it, and looks in vain to every point of the compass to catch the smile of approbation, when he finds no relief from any quarter, he, as a dernier effort in defence of drinking, exclaims: "There is no harm in

drinking temperately." To drink ard[illegible]tely, and a temperate drinker, are phrases of [illegible]. Let us attempt to discover what we m[illegible] a man in health, "He drinks distilled liqu[illegible] Where shall we draw the line between th[illegible] intemperate drinker? A gill of spirituou[illegible] one man drunk a whole day. He, since he is [illegible] cannot be called a temperate drinker. Another ma[illegible] drink a quart or perhaps two quarts in the same time, and still not be thrown into the ditch. But he who drinks a quart or two in a day cannot, except by a gross perversion of language, be called a temperate man. Where then is the line between temperate and intemperate drinking? If there is no harm in drinking temperately, it becomes a very important matter to discover the point where temperate drinking ceases and intemperance commences; for intemperance is acknowledged by all to be an alarming evil. We see that the line of demarkation cannot be determined by the quantity drank in a given time; because what will scarcely agitate the hardened brain of one man, will make another stupidly drunk. What then is temperate drinking? and who is the temperate drinker? are questions that still return upon us with all their importance. Perhaps in the objection itself we may find a clue which will lead us to a correct answer. If there is no harm in drinking temperately, then wherever there is harm in drinking, *there* must be intemperance. Now where does the harm begin? for at that point intemperance commences.

One gets mellow, as he says, to do him good. Another for the same excellent reason gets drunk. Another is sure that he is not a *little* profitted by becoming intoxicated occasionally. A *little* gives a fourth a good appetite. All drink because there is, not only *no harm*, but some good, according to them, in drinking. One gets drunk now and then, because by doing so he saves many a doctor's bill. We would hint to such an individual a plan by which he will be freed altogether from the bills, and pills too, of physicians. Let him keep on drinking, increasing the size and frequency of the dose, and he will soon be six feet under ground. In the drunkard's grave no doctor's voice will reach him. He must however hear the sound of the Archangel's trumpet, and obey the summons, no matter how unwilling he may be. But notwithstanding the many advantages which the tippler discovers in his cups, no one would seriously call the man strictly temperate, who becomes intoxicated once a year, or even once in five years. The frequency then of drinking does not fix the point after which we are seeking. Where then does the evil of drinking commence? The question still

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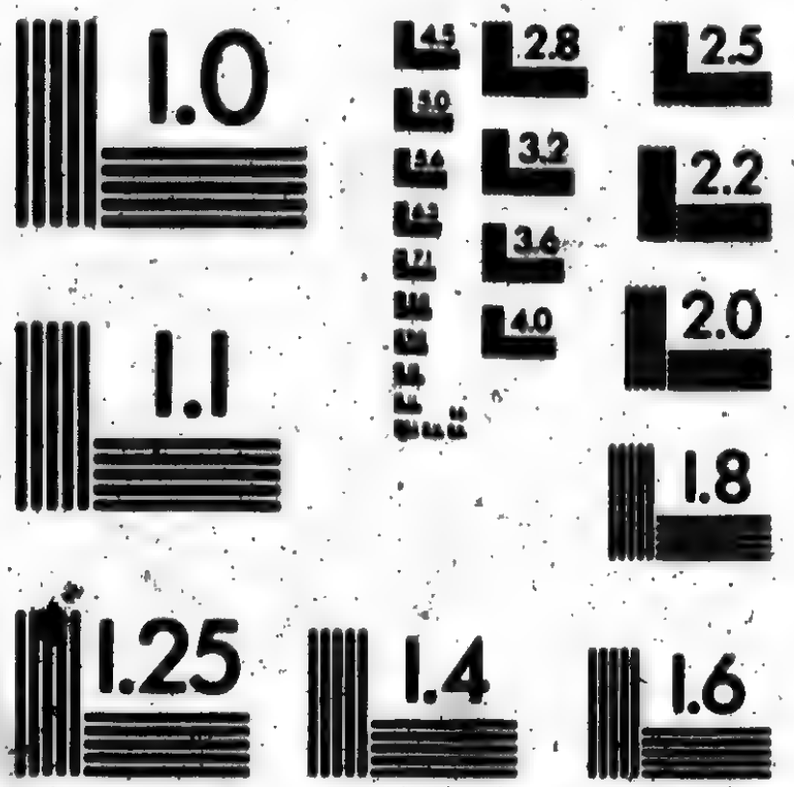

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returns: Where does temperate drinking, in which there is no harm, cease? Where does intemperate drinking, which is an execrable evil, commence? What point separates temperate from intemperate drinking? We call upon the drunkard to assist us in answering this puzzling question. He has travelled through all the mazes of drinking from the first sip that draws the face awry, to the deepest dregs of the drunkard's bowl. He then ought to be able to fix, with perfect accuracy, the point which separates the temperate use of ardent spirits from the intemperate. When an interval of reflection arrives, when the fumes of intoxication are allowed to evaporate from his brain, when reason for a moment resumes its throne, when thought for a short time, steadies his mind; with trembling joints and sepulchral tones which bespeak a broken down system; "Ah," he will say, "the first drop! Oh, the first drop! Beware of the first drop! In the first drop lies concealed all the drunkard's misery here; and in it are the dregs of that cup of wrath which he must drink hereafter! The first drop! Oh, the first drop! While it smiles in the cup, it hides in its heart the sting of eternal death! Oh, the first drop! That is ruin! He that avoids the first drop is safe. Frown the cup which contains it from your presence. Look not upon it but with disgust. The first drop! Oh, had I avoided that, I might now have been a man of wealth, of respectability, of influence, enjoying happiness here, and hopes of heaven beyond this 'dying life.' But now, having tasted the first drop, I have become a——drunkard." Tears might steal down the furrows in his cheek, while he described the evils of drinking the first drop; and the next hour you might see him intoxicated. His self-command was in a great measure stolen away by the first drop, and those which followed it.

The drunkard has answered the question correctly. He has told us where the intemperate use of ardent spirits, in which the evil consists, begins. It begins with the first drop, and continues with every succeeding drop which a person in health drinks. A single drop, as we have already seen, injures the person who while in health, permits it to enter his system.—To use any article, at any time, in such quantities as to injure us, is to use it intemperately. Since then he who, while in health, drinks a single drop of distilled liquor, injures himself, (though he may not be sensible of the injury,) he must use that drop intemperately. If a drop injures us, to use a drop is intemperance. He however who uses a larger quantity, because he injures himself more, is more intemperate than he who uses but one drop. Both use that which injures them, and therefore both are intemperate. You who love to be thought

a temperate drinker, are perhaps displeased with this reasoning. But before you reject it, let me ask you; Is it not true? Does it not carry conviction to your mind? Does it not challenge the consent, yes even the approbation of your understanding? If it does, then become temperate indeed by refusing to taste ardent spirits as a drink. The use of this article as a medicine is the only temperate use of it. If then we use it at all, let us use it for a medicine when prescribed by a temperate physician, and for no other purpose; because, for a person in health to use a single drop, is intemperance in a degree. We do not affirm that every individual who tastes distilled liquor as a drink, is a drunkard; but he is in a fair way to become one soon. He uses ardent spirits as an ordinary beverage, and is therefore in some degree intemperate; and no man can tell where intemperance in any degree ends and drunkenness begins. Let us all then drink temperately, that is, not taste ardent spirits except as a medicine, in cases in which it is prescribed by the cold-water physician.

IV. *Of Knaves.*

1. The knave who hates a temperance society as sincerely as he loves a *little* of the "good creature," whispers: "Weak men join temperance societies." The ignorant who know little or nothing concerning temperance men or temperance measures, catch the sound; and the burden of their song becomes, "cold-water-men are weak." Whether a sober or a drunken man is the strongest, let the ditch and the mire in which the latter often makes his bed, the swine among which he snores, and the wicked boys who trip up his heels as he staggers home from the dram-shop, testify. They know by experience how weak the drunkard is. But seriously, who are these weak men that join temperance societies? Why, they are our Governours, our Assembly men, our statesmen, our legislators, our judges, our lawyers, our physicians, our divines, our civil and military officers of every name and of every grade, our farmers, our mechanicks, our merchants. These are the weak men who join temperance societies. Who would be ashamed to have his name enrolled among the names of such men as these? Every true American will feel an independent pride, a conscious dignity, by being associated with the talent, and learning, and moral worth, and piety of his own country. He who joins a temperance society is a fellow-member with the wisest and best men now on earth.

2. Another brazenfaced objector comes forward, and with all the impudence and assurance of ignorance, boldly declares

that "Temperance men injure those who traffick in ardent spirits." Now I must confess, that when I first heard this objection against the cold-water-men, I was wicked enough to think that I could discover under its mask, a very little squint which resembled its sister that once, in the city of Ephesus, looked sour at the preaching of the gospel, because it was likely to overthrow idolatry. Demetrius the silversmith discovered, that to make silver shrines for the idol Diana, was very profitable business. But Paul preached that "they which be made with hands are no gods." This Demetrius addressing others engaged in the same lucrative occupation, said, "Ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." They discovered that if the people believed Paul's preaching, their idol-making business and the wealth arising from it, would soon cease together. This preaching against idolatry, they knew would soon prevent them from gulling the people out of their property, for what they had occular demonstration was destroying their souls. The preaching of the apostles would prevent these money-making men from injuring those around them. They must therefore cry out against these holy men and their message as if they themselves were thereby sustaining an injury. They imagined that to prevent them from injuring others, was doing *them* an injury. Temperance men strive to persuade their neighbours not to suffer the venders of ardent spirits to injure them. This is the kind of an injury they do to those who traffick in this destructive article. Similar to this was the injury which Paul's preaching did to the Ephesian silversmiths. This is the kind of an injury that honest men do rogues or thieves when they warn others to be on their guard against them, or when they take them up and put them in prison.—"O," say these men, "this preaching against the use of ardent spirits in any quantity, except as a medicine, will soon ruin us. It will open the eyes of the community on this subject, and then it will be impossible to make men buy or drink this poison which saps the corner-stone of life. By acting thus, how they do injure us!" But we may ask, how does this course of conduct injure you? How much must we drink? or how much must any one else drink in order to do you justice? Do we injure you by refusing to let you poison our morals and ruin our souls with your rum? Do we injure you, when we refuse to encourage you to traffick in an article every particle of which, when drank by a person in health, is evidently deleterious? If a wooden-nutmeg peddler should make his appearance among us, no one would say he was injured by an individual who should make known to the publick the imposition about to be practised upon them. If he should besmear them

with a slow poison which would eventually seal up the fountain of life, a brighter shade would not thus be thrown over his conduct. He might say, it is true, that it cost him much labour, and time, and money, to make so many beautiful wooden-nutmegs. He might complain in a pitiful tone, of what he might call the injury which had been done to him by the man who exposed him. He might appeal to the sympathies of the people. He might say that his ruin was certain if they did not buy his wooden-nutmegs. He might say what he chose in favour of his imitation-nutmegs which he desired to sell. He might positively affirm that a few of them would injure no one. But all this cant would be in vain. The people whose eyes were open to the deception could not be gulled. The peddler of stone-cotton, of brick silk, of basswood-hams, or of cast-iron axes, would be as little encouraged when he charged the person who exposed the baseness of his wares with injuring him. He then who would charge the person that refused to drink ardent spirits himself, and attempted to persuade his neighbour to throw from him the poisoned cup, with injuring the venders of this article, must be himself almost crazy, or think others are so. What! charge a man with injuring the venders of ardent spirits, because he persuades others not to suffer themselves to be injured by the traffickers in this ruinous liquid! Such a charge crowns the climax of absurdity. No man hereafter need attempt to raise higher in the scale of folly. Merely to prevent men from suffering others to injure them is doing evil! What nonsense! But we dismiss the subject. It is too childish for serious contemplation. It is too silly to feel the lash of ridicule.

Those who would throw the veil of deception over all with whom they meet, sometimes charge the managers of the temperance society with deceiving, forging names, and the like.—These and similar ridiculous accusations, we pass over in silence; because none, no not even the drunkard will believe them, or can be deceived by them. Their falsity is too barefaced to lead astray the most unwary. Accusations like these made against men of the most sterling integrity and of the most unwavering veracity, must recoil with tremendous force on the head of him who makes them. In the sincerity of our soul we pity such accusers; because we cannot but view them in the light of wilful caluminators. We are compelled to consider them as slanderers of the most unimpeachable characters. Such shameless misrepresentations can never injure the temperance cause. Those who make them can scarcely be injured, for they have nothing to lose.

V. *Of Infidels.*

1. "But temperance is priestcraft," bawls the infidel who, in religious matters, never tells the truth if a falsehood will possibly answer his purpose. Ministers of the gospel, it must be confessed, (we had almost said to their shame,) are not, in general, in the front rank in the army of temperance. Judges, and statesmen, and lawyers, and physicians, and in many instances, farmers, mechanicks and merchants, advance before them. But we are happy to say that *many* ministers of the gospel, belonging to the various denominations of Christians, do exert their influence in promoting this good cause, the cause of temperance. It appears then that temperance is priestcraft, and judge-craft, and governour-craft, and statesman-craft, and lawyer-craft, and doctor-craft, and farmer-craft, and mechanick-craft, and merchant-craft, and indeed the craft of all those who engage in promoting its cause. But no man who regards the truth will call it infidel-craft. These persons hate the temperance cause almost as sincerely as they do vital piety. May temperance, which is the craft of all good men and the bane of most bad ones, soon extend over our now intemperate world.

It may be remarked here, that in modern infidel phrase, priestcraft is almost universally used to denote what is truly excellent. In the hackneyed phraseology of infidelity, it means to be engaged in promoting the cause of vital piety, to favour sabbath-schools, missions, missionary societies, bible societies, the temperance cause; in short, to be engaged in any cause which is truly good and benevolent, is what infidels, &c. call priestcraft. The more such craft we have the better. May it flourish to the eternal overthrow of every species of infidel-craft which strikes at the root of all that is dear and valuable to man in time or eternity.

2. "But temperance will unite church and state," insinuates the crafty enemy of the cause. He fears to show his cloven foot, lest he should be confronted by men of sterling integrity. His enmity however, is so great that he finds it impossible to conceal it wholly. He therefore shields himself behind this mock patriotism, and raises the pitiful cry of "church and state." But rum and state make no part of his lamentation. We dismiss this sorry objection with the single remark, that if to lay aside the bottle will unite church and state, then let them be united. But we must confess that we can discover no connexion between entire abstinence and that infidel scarecrow, the union of church and state. What redundant credulity that man must have who can believe that to refuse to drink ardent spirits, will unite church and state!

But upon what evidence is this charge of a design to unite church and state, which is, so often and with so much assurance, brought against Christians, founded? It is an acknowledged fact, that Christianity has often reluctantly formed an unholy alliance with different political governments. But by whom was this union formed? No one acquainted with history will say that true Christians were ever efficient actors in forming this union, which always has been and always will be fatal to vital piety. Constantine the Great, who first united church and state, was not a member of the Christian church till many years after the union was consummated; perhaps he never was. The various other political or military leaders who have *formed* a union between the church and the state, have been either opposers of vital godliness, or perfectly indifferent on the subject of religion. The only apparent exception to this sweeping statement, is that of Oliver Cromwell; and infidels will not maintain that he was a pious man. The few pious monarchs that have lived since the Christian church was first made the religion of the Roman empire, *found* this union existing, but did not *form* it. Our own Washington, the father of his country, a professed, and no doubt, a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, discountenanced wholly this unnatural union. When none whom even the infidel would be willing to call a true Christian has ever yet united or attempted to unite church and state, how inconceivably credulous he must be to imagine, that a design is now or ever has been or ever will be formed by Christians to unite church and state? But it may be asked, why should the enemies of religion form this union? We answer, to accomplish political purposes; not with a design to promote the cause of religion. Church and state always have been united by the enemies of religion. We may therefore reasonably conclude, that if this union is ever formed in this country, it will be by those who hate Christianity.

VI. *Of Misers.*

1. Avarice with its griping hand and heart of steel, steps forward to plead the cause of intemperance. And this it does, strange to tell, though it feels that drunkards squander more money than all other vicious characters together. It solemnly avers, "That if all men cease to drink ardent spirits, then produce would not command so high a price as it now does; because distillers would then be compelled to discontinue their operations, to relinquish their nefarious employment." The secret spring that throws out this argument in favour of intemperance, is this: The avaricious are convinced that they

can, perhaps with ease, wring that shilling from the hand of the drunkard when intoxicated, which they could not, by any means, obtain when he is sober. We know that intemperance increases our taxes, our poverty, our misery, our crimes, our diseases, our deaths. That it does all this evil, and much more, we have fearful evidence in the examples which we see on every hand almost daily. But where have we the evidence that drinking liquor increases the price of produce? How much more will the drunkard obtain for a bushel of corn, than can be obtained by a sober man? Does the farmer who never becomes intoxicated, who is perhaps even a cold-water-man, and whose neighbours are all temperate, find, when he goes to market, that the merchant prefers the drunkard's wheat to his? Will the merchant in fact give the intemperate the highest price?—Does not the sober man generally make the safest bargains? Does he not usually take home with him the largest sum of money for a given quantity of produce disposed of? These questions are easily answered.

We know that if there was no intoxicating liquor drank, men would be more industrious, more wealthy, more happy, more healthy. They would raise more produce and perform more labour of every kind. And it is very probable that the various articles which the farmer might expose for sale, would then command a better price than they do at present. Because then the drunkard's family that is now almost starved, would be fed. His children who are now almost naked, would be clothed. The drunkard's house which is now a mere hovel, would be repaired and furnished. Its thousand crevices through which the piercing northern blast enters and breathes its shivering chill on all within its walls, would be closed by the hand of industry. The drunkard's wife would be decently apparelled, her happiness promoted, her respectability increased. Let our 300,000 drunkards all become sober, industrious, prudent, repectable men; let their families be fed and clothed, and lodged, and instructed as they ought to be, and what an astonishing opening it would make for all useful commodities in our country. The farmer who now furnishes grain enough to supply the drunkard's cup with the intoxicating-poison, might then furnish both food and clothing for the whole family. We can all see which of these would be the most profitable traffick. Besides, did every inebriate become a sober man, nine-tenths of the bad debts which now are worse than nothing to the creditor, might then with ease be collected. Nor need he afterwards expect to lose the price of what he sold, because then there would be no drunkards. Many a dollar every year steals, in small fractions, out of the possession of him who calls him-

self a temperate drinker, into that of the traffickers in this pernicious poison. If no man used it as a drink, all this money would remain in the coffers of its rightful owner. And by refusing to spend it for this deadly drink, his respectability, his influence, his happiness, so far from being diminished, would actually be increased. In this way the empty purse might soon be replenished. "These hard times" that grind the faces of so many, would soon cease to exist. The poor would then become rich, and the rich contented and happy. Whatever is useful would find encouragement and prosper. Whatever is injurious would be frowned upon and banished from respectable society. Thus it is evident, that should all cease to use ardent spirits as a drink, trade of every description would become more flourishing; and manufactures of every kind would be more prospered than they now are.

But suppose that the making, vending and using of distilled liquor, did increase the price of produce. What then? Must men drink what will do them no good, but a positive injury, merely for the sake of raising the price of grain! Must I make myself sick for the sake of giving the doctor employment! Must I injure myself, or give my money for what will do me no good, but harm, in order to increase the farmer's gains! I know the farmer too well to believe that he would ask me to do so. He is an honest man. He is the sinew of the world. He would sooner throw his corn into the river, than increase its price by the destruction of the morals, religion, and happiness of his fellow-creatures. He knows what a disgusting object the drunkard is. And who after contemplating the drunkard's character, would himself, for a few shillings, become a drunkard, or make his neighbour one? Who for money would make his son a drunkard, or his daughter or sister a drunkard's wife? Who for gain would make his brother the laughing stock of the idle, vicious boys that run in the streets? Why then should any man drink ardent spirits, and thus injure himself and those around him, merely for the purpose of increasing the gain, (even if it did do so,) of any person whatever? Let avarice then for ever cease to plead the cause of intemperance. Its pleadings can be of no avail with persons who have learned to think for themselves.

2. "But temperance is a money-making scheme," affirms one who knows of no moving principle save the love of gold. There is but one small mistake in this objection. It ought to run thus: Temperance is a money-*saving* scheme. We all know that the person who buys ardent spirits, wastes, or worse than wastes, the amount of money thus spent. Should he therefore refuse to purchase this article, he would actually save what he gives for

the drink which injures him. We know of many cold-water-men who spend much time and money, in study, in travelling, in printing circulars and newspapers for gratuitous distribution; but we do not know of one who makes himself rich by the practice of temperance, in any other way except by saving his money. No person is required to pay a single cent in order to become a member of the temperance society. Since this is a well known fact, no person can, with any tolerable degree of plausibility, affirm that men obtain money from it.—Men may *spend* money *for* a society which has none. But from a society not one of whose members is required to pay a farthing under any pretence as a condition of membership, it is impossible to obtain money. Let no man therefore who regards the truth, call temperance a money-making, but a money-*saving* scheme. We ought to call things by their right names.

Query,—Does the objector think it wrong to make money by engaging in what is both honourable and useful?

VII. *Of Politicians.*

1. "The temperance reformation is an electioneering scheme," vociferates the designing politician, who is in agony lest the thousand votes which he has heretofore purchased for a glass of rum each, should be given by sober men to the more deserving candidate. We would say to such a selfish patriot, do not tremble; for you know now, and shall soon learn more conclusively by experience, that a sober man always gives a more independent vote than a drunkard. If you would be elected by temperate freemen, you must deserve their suffrages. Every man knows that a designing politician can lead, by his electioneering plans, the intemperate astray much more easily than he can the temperate. We all know then, whether the friend or the enemy of temperance is most likely to be engaged in an improper electioneering scheme. The drunkard himself will acknowledge, that it is the enemy of temperance and not its friend, who attempts to buy his vote for a dram.

2. "Large societies are dangerous," insinuates an equally crafty but less hardened enemy of the temperance cause. It must be confessed that the temperance society is large; and, like good old Connecticut, it has a wonderful faculty of getting larger. In the single state of New-York, there are now (A. D. 1832) about 170,000 cold-water-men. The number is increasing rapidly every day. If every individual in the whole U. States, (in which there are already more than 500,000 temperance men,) should abstain entirely from the use of ardent

spirits, as a drink, the number of members of the temperance society in this one country, would exceed 18,000,000; and then the society of drunkards would become absolutely extinct. But is it a fact that sober men are more dangerous than drunkards? Does any man after taking a *little*, become more mild, and kind, and peaceful? Does not every man become less so after drinking ardent spirits? To have a large number of men then refuse to use this article, cannot be dangerous.—If societies are good, and are promoting a good cause by proper means, then the larger they are the better; but if bad, the smaller the better. The temperance society is a good one, and therefore the larger it becomes the more useful it will be to the community. The society of drunkards, or that of moderate drinkers, is bad. Each of these is yet very large. Forsake that to which you belong. The larger it is the more evil it will do. Diminish its number by one. Escape from the society of those who touch the cup of death.

5. "To join a temperance society," says another pseudo-republican, "will destroy our liberty." When we look at a cold-water-man, we cannot discover that he is a slave to any thing, no not even to the bottle. He maintains that liberty consists in having the privilege of doing right. It is right to join a temperance society. He has liberty to do so. He exercises that liberty. And who ever heard that to enjoy or exercise liberty in a proper manner, is to destroy or impair it? Since liberty consists in having the privilege of doing right, and since to exercise that privilege is to enjoy liberty, those who join the temperance society, thus exercising their privilege of doing right, increase their enjoyment of liberty. He who has the privilege of doing good, but does not improve it, does not enjoy his liberty. He does not exercise it. He who will not do good when he has an opportunity, does not, in relation to that action, enjoy liberty. But it sounds rather odd to hear a man who is such a slave to his cups, that he cannot forsake them without reluctance, even for the luxury of doing good, talking of liberty, a liberty to do wrong. This is the same kind of liberty that the thief, before he is detected, enjoys. The privilege of doing wrong is that kind of bastard liberty which no honest man desires. To drink ardent spirits is wrong. The privilege of doing so then, is not liberty, any more than the privilege of stealing is liberty. To be bound to do right increases our liberty. The more powerful such an obligation is, the more is our liberty increased. The servant of Christ who is bound to him by the strongest possible obligations of law, love and gratitude, is the free son of the living God. He enjoys the liberty of an adopted child. He there-

fore who pledges himself to do right, by joining a temperance society, enjoys more liberty than the person who refuses to become a member, that he may have the privilege of doing wrong by drinking a *little* ardent spirits while in health. It is liberty to join a temperance society. It is slavery, at least in a degree, not to join. Come forward then. Act like freemen.—Enjoy your liberty. Use it in doing good. Join a temperance society.'

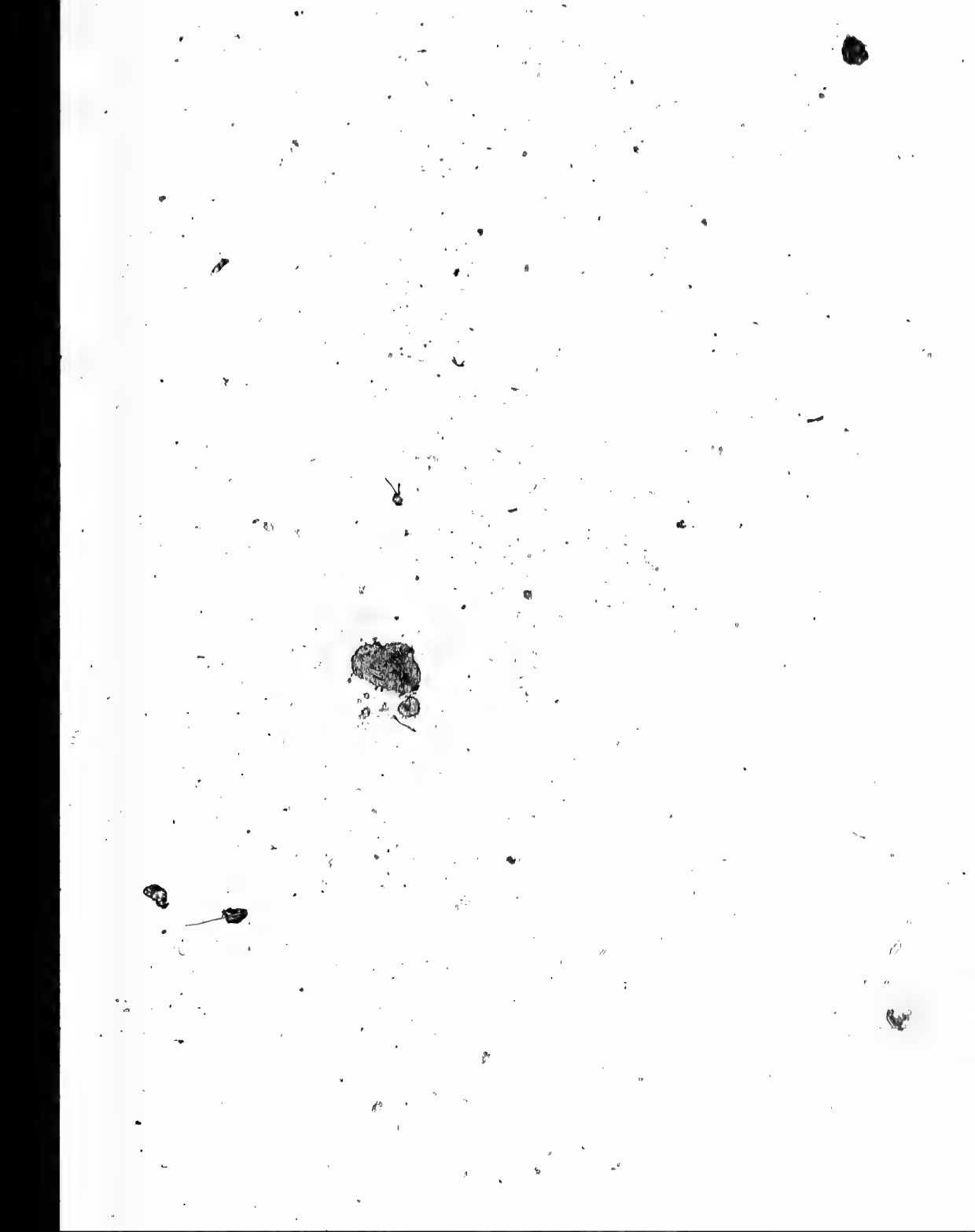
VIII. *Of Professors of Religion.*

1. The professor of religion who loves to take a glass occasionally, says, "Our church is a temperance society." We hope this assertion is made through ignorance, because it is not true. No church, by its discipline, enjoins entire abstinence from ardent spirits on its members. Every denomination which does or does not call itself Christian, allows its members to use a little of this article. No association of men, except the temperance society, excludes from its fellowship, a member for tasting ardent spirits as a beverage. No church countenances drunkenness, or as some churches express it, the "unnecessary use of spirituous liquors." All churches discipline members for intoxication, but none of them for the moderate use of ardent spirits. Hence there are members of high standing in all churches, who do publickly and openly, and without fear of church censure, drink rum moderately. Whether churches do right or wrong, in not excluding wholly from their pale, such a deadly evil, is not our province to determine. Nor do we wish to censure churches, or church members, or church officers. Let infidels do this. It is their peculiar province. The Father of mercies uses them as a rod to chastise his children, when chastisement will promote their growth in grace. But we do state the fact, that there is no denomination of Christians on earth, which in its creed adopts the principles of entire abstinence.

2. "It is a good creature of God," is the reason why some professors of religion say it ought to be, or at least may be used as a drink. This objection is tortured from what Omniscience has declared in the scriptures of truth. The language of inspiration is this: "Some shall depart from the faith—— commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving."—Now to say nothing of the blasphemous spectacle a drunkard would make, kneeling over a jug or barrel or hogshead of rum,

thanking God for it, we would ask what kind of meat is distilled liquor? No one who reads this passage of scripture with care, can for a moment hesitate to believe that the phrases "every good creature of God" and "meats which God hath created," are synonymous. Those therefore who say that ardent spirits are included in the expression "every good creature of God," affirm that this liquor is a kind of meat. The truth is, this article is no where in scripture called a good creature of God. It is, in fact, one of the exceedingly pernicious inventions of wicked men. Let none then taste it under the mistaken apprehension that it is a good creature of God.

5. Some who love to drink a little, but who wish to roll the sin which they thus commit from their own souls, and find a quietus for their consciences, put on a solemn look and gravely tell us, that "the Bible favours drinking a little." Though the Bible absolutely condemns all sin of every description and in every degree, there are men who would willingly father one half or more of their sins on this holy book. But where, we would ask, does the Bible countenance drinking ardent spirits in any quantity? Where does it inform us that we may use, while in health, a little distilled liquor? Is there a single passage in the whole word of God, in which we are told that we may do what will injure ourselves and others a *little?* It commands us to "cease to do evil; and learn to do well;" and therefore to abstain entirely from the evil practice of using ardent spirits. It directs us to "love one another," and informs us that "love worketh no ill to his neighbour." We must not therefore use ardent spirits as a drink; for if we do we injure our neighbour by our example. Where shall we find in that book which every where requires what is good and forbids what is evil, a license for injuring ourselves or others a *little?* Shall we in a book which tells us to avoid the very appearance of evil, seek permission to do wrong on a small scale? Certainly we cannot with any hope of success. Never think of obtaining from the Bible, the privilege of practising what is pernicious. Let us always remember that the Bible requires holiness of heart and of life, that it does not allow us to engage in any evil practice, and therefore that it does not allow us to use ardent spirits as an ordinary beverage. Professor of religion, taste not the poison, as a drink.



THE COLD-WATER-MAN.

PART SIXTH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Valley of the Son of Hinnom; or The Beginning, Progress, and End of Drunkenness.

I had just concluded the reading of an account of the Ancient Mythology, and had fallen into a train of reflections respecting the manners and customs of the ancient dead, particularly upon that singular practice of the Jews noticed and condemned in the sacred scriptures, of causing their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire to Moloch in the valley of the son of Hinnom. While thus engaged I fell into a slumber, in which my mind still continued occupied with the subject with which it had been engaged while awake.

I seemed to be passing through a country interspersed with hills, and vallies, and streams of water, with here and there a populous city and a thriving village, while well cultivated fields and neat, comfortale cottages, gave an air of contentment and variety to the scene.

I passed along admiring the beauty of the prospect around me, till rising a considerable elevation, I beheld immediately below me, a deep valley with mountains on two of its sides, and open only at the north and the south. The sides of the mountains were covered with cypress and other evergreens, and a dark and almost impenetrable smoke which hung over the valley, so greatly obstructed the vision as to render every object as indistinct as if seen in a dim twilight. Towards the south end indeed, all objects were hidden from the view, except where a lurid glare shot up from what appeared to be burning volcanoes, gleamed for a moment upon the darkness and rendered objects indistinctly visible. Strange objects, as of demons then appeared; and from the darkness uncouth and horrid sounds were heard from time to time; now as of rude and boisterous laughter; then as of men in fierce and angry

disputation; now would come the sound of blows as of some protracted and bloody strife; then the shrieks of women and children in bitter distress; while from the thickest gloom arose low and moaning sounds as of some one dying in torture. Sometimes I could distinguish curses, and oaths, and blashphemies; and then would come yells of intense despair, and of unmitigated wo. While standing and contemplating the prospect before me, and lost in conjecture as to the place and the cause of all these fearful sights and appalling sounds, the noise of approaching footsteps caused me suddenly to turn, and I saw standing beside me an aged man, venerable and grave in his appearance, and of a benign and serene countenance.

Saluting him, "Tell me," said I, "the name of this valley, and the cause of the sounds I hear.

"This valley," he replied, "is called the Valley of Hinnom, and here is established the worship of a demon; the sounds you hear are such as his votaries raise while celebrating his rites. But ascend the elevated summit near us and the whole valley will be before you." I did as I was directed, and ascended the eminence accompanied by my venerable conductor. When we had reached the top, I saw the high road along which I had been travelling, stretched away into the country farther than my eye could reach, shaded on each side by trees of luxuriant growth, among which springs and rivulets of pure water sparkle in the sunbeams. This road I saw filled with great multitudes of people of every age and condition; some rejoicing in all the sprightliness and buoyancy of youth; others manifesting in their countenance, that upon them rested the cares and the anxieties of middle life; while some were bending beneath the weight of years and the infirmities incident to old age. "That," said my instructor, "is the way to Happiness, terminating in a beautiful country, where the inhabitants know not any want—where they enjoy uninterrupted tranquility, and sorrow and care find no admittance. But let us descend," said my guide, "and mingle with the multitude who are pressing their way along the high road." I did as I was desired, and we were soon in the midst of the crowd, all of whom, without a single exception, appeared to have but one object in view, viz. Happiness. In a little time we came to a road which diverged from the one we had been pursuing, and yet as far as was open to the view, seemed to run parallel with it. At the point of separation was placed a house of entertainment, and a guide-board for travellers. On the latter was written, "Nearest and best road to happiness—lately constructed." We entered the house of refreshment, and found its owner a respectable looking man in appearance, and ready to converse, espe-

cially upon the country which all the travellers upon the road were toiling to reach. This man was dressed in white, and we found that he was numbered among the servants of the King of that Happy Land; and stationed here, he said, by his command. In reply to the inquiries of travellers respecting the two ways, he answered that the road we had come was very ancient; that the prophets, and apostles, and holy men of old had passed over it; but that since their day, a nearer and better way had been discovered and cast up, into which most travellers now turned. One thing I remarked, that if any traveller refused to drink of a sparkling liquor which the good man offered them, they were invariably directed to continue in the way they had come, telling them that, though a little farther, yet it was more certain, and less dangerous. But if any partook of the liquor he offered them, he assured them the new way was the best, and that they would find an abundance of the same kind of liquor at the house of his brethren along the road. In answer to my inquiries, my companion informed me that this was one of the servants of Moloch, notwithstanding he professed to be in the employ, and wore the livery of the King of the Happy Land, and that the sole object at which he aimed was the possession of filthy lucre. My venerable conductor then led me along the new road which, after turning the point of a hill, no longer ran parallel with the other, but diverged more and more till it pursued a course directly opposite.—Still every traveller who had tasted the liquor was insensible of the change of direction, and contended that both roads held the same course, and that the new one would come out right at last. Another circumstance I noticed. The new road had been gradually descending from the time we left the highway, so that now we were at a much less elevation than when at the house of refreshment. Still, this too, was unperceived by my fellow travellers, who seemed to themselves to be passing over rising ground, and in this opinion they were confirmed by the owners of the many houses of refreshment which we passed. This road, my conductor informed me, was called "The road of social enjoyment. Pursuing our way, we soon came to an extensive valley, in which there were great multitudes of people whose countenances were light and cheerful, and who frequently met in small companies at the houses of refreshment, which were very numerous, where they spent their time in drinking the same kind of liquor which was given them where the two roads separated, and in discussing questions of political economy or of moral instruction. One question seemed to be much agitated in these social circles, and that was in regard to a certain new doctrine which had lately been promulgated,

that the liquor which they were drinking was unnecessary, and the use of it dangerous. After much debate they all came to the unanimous conclusion—

1. That the liquor in question was a good creature of God.

2. That as they drank no more than they wanted, a little could do them no harm. I asked of my conductor, the name of this valley. "It is called," he replied, "The Valley of Temperate Drinkers; and though some of those you see, live and die here, yet one in every forty of them goes along a road called Tipler's Lane, down to a place near-by, called Tippler's Valley." To this last place my guide now conducted me.—Here, too, I found great numbers of men with their families—the houses of refreshment were very numerous; and there were, too, a great number of places called, in the language of the valley, "groceries." In these places was kept for sale, the liquor I have before mentioned; and the doors were constantly thronged with the inhabitants who came to drink, and discuss questions as in the valley above. The same questions were agitated, and the same conclusions were adopted as before. Each one drank only what was necessary. In some slight particulars I remarked that the inhabitants of this valley were distinguished from their relatives in the one preceding. These last, most of them, were of a very florid complexion; many had large blotches upon the nose and around the mouth, while some few appeared to be diseased in the limbs, particularly in the hands, which trembled excessively, especially in the morning. One thing I noticed, that whether florid or pale, every man in this valley had a red mark on his cheek just under the eye, which my conductor informed me was the "Sign Manual of the Demon who reigns over the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, and that all upon whom it was impressed were his liege subjects, and under his direction."

From Tippler's Valley we passed along a descending road till we came to another vale of the same extent, in which were as before, many men, women and children; and also houses of refreshment and groceries, mostly kept by persons in white, who said they belonged to the King of the Happy Valley.—There were, I noticed, many spots of blood upon their white garments, and they seldom spoke of their King or his country, and csarce ever looked in their book of instruction which had been given for their direction, and to which they had promised to attend. The place in which we now were, is called "The Valley of Occasional Drunkards; and near by is another known as "Poverty Hollow." Into this last place come nearly all who pass into the Valley of Occasional Drunkards; and here, when they continue their journey, they leave their

wives and children, unless they choose to follow them to the Valley of the Son of Hinnom. This, I afterwards saw, was frequently the case; for who loves like woman, and whose affection is stronger than a child's? Poverty Hollow was thickly studded with half ruined cottages and miserable tenements, where the inhabitants sought shelter from the sun and storms. Most of these had once been possessed of property; but some was left in one valley some in another, till at last they came to this place to companion with the children of want and the victims of vice. Of the women and children of this place it was literally true, that

"All their inheritance was grief."

From the "Valley of Occasional Drunkards" I saw several paths leading away into the country till they were lost in a dark and tangled forest, over which lowered a perpetual storm. One of these paths my guide informed me was called Thieves'-Road; another, Robber's-Alley; and a third Murderer's-Lane. He farther said, that very many occasional drunkards took one or the other, or more frequently all of these roads, with the hope of escaping Poverty Hollow; but that they uniformly found themselves on the hills of Disappointment; became bewildered upon dark mountains, from which they went down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and were seen no more.

Turning from the scenes of distress exhibited in Poverty Hollow, we pursued our way along a path of almost perpendicular descent, and rendered gloomy and dark by overhanging rocks, and the thickly interwoven branches of the trees, which grew along the sides and at the summits. Our ears were now saluted with female lamentations and with maniack cries, mingled with the idiot laugh, the blasphemous curses, and the unseemly shouts of revelry and riot. Now and then we distinctly heard the din of war, the songs of the victor and the groans of the vanquished and the dying. As we proceeded the noise and the uproar became louder and louder, the smoke and the stench long perceived, became almost insupportable, all evincing that the Valley of the Son of Hinnom was near at hand. Just then we came to a place where the way seemed to be closed by a large mountain whose impending cliffs threatened destruction; while from its sides and its summit, incessant lightnings sent out their forky flames, and thunder in deafening peals reverberated from hill to hill, seeming to indicate that the hour of nature's death had come, and that she was expiring in convulsions. "This," said my guide, "is the last barrier between the drunkard and irrecoverable ruin. This once passed, there is little hope of return. There, said he pointing to an inscription in letters of fire upon the black surface of a threatening cliff—there is the

last warning those who go down into this valley ever receive." I looked and read, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." The same declaration blazed in every flash of lightning, and rolled in every clap of thunder. "And do any," I inquired, "ever pass the barrier." "Yes," he said, "the influence of the liquor they have drank, and the insatiable and maddening appetite they have created, leads many to attempt the passage. The way lies just at the foot of yonder threatening rock, and near it is a body of deep and troubled water, called the Dead sea. Many in attempting to pass around the barrier, miss their foothold and are plunged into the lake and die; others make good their way and arrive at the valley." Thus saying, he moved fearlessly onward, while the lightnings ceased and the thunders were silent, till we had reached beyond the rock, and the valley opened before us.—— I now perceived that the valley was of very great extent; and that though many perish in the Dead sea, yet multitudes made their way around the barrier, A road ran through the middle of the valley, on either side of which were places where liquor was sold, similar to those I had before seen. There were also many half ruined houses and mouldering cottages, inhabited by those who served in the Temple of Moloch. Toward the other end of the valley, and where lay the thick cloud of pitchy smoke I had seen from the eminence, where many dark looking buildings, which my conductor told me, were the places where Moloch caused the liquor to be manufactured with which he furnished his servants, that they might entice men to come to worship him.— Some of these manufactories or distilleries, as they were called in the language of the valley, were owned, I observed, by those who wore the livery of the King of the Happy Land; who served in his temple and called themselves by his name. The reason of this, as my guide informed me was, that Moloch finding his worship declining because men were suspicious of evil, hired those servants of the King, with whom he is at perpetual variance, to enter into his service, and yet retain the outward appearance of continuing their allegiance to their former master. And Moloch was not disappointed. Seeing them in the livery of the King, engaged in producing, and vending, and using "strong drink," men were engaged to follow their example; and the experience of many years has established the fact, that none are so successful seducers from the paths of virtue, as those who in appearance are devoted to the destruction of vice. My guide now led me through the valley toward the Temple of Moloch.— On every side I saw men reeling to and fro; wives in tears and children in rags and filth, while the men, in white were

pouring out liquor to the husband and the father. In one place, about half the distance from one end of the valley to the other, I noticed a way which appeared to be but little used, and led directly up the side of the mountain. My guide informed me that that was called the 'Way of Repentance,' and that now and then one who had been seduced in the valley, by persevering in that path escaped, and come again into the way of happiness, beyond the place where the new way diverged from the old. Many he said had been induced by the tears and entreaties of their families and friends to set out in that path; but some found the hill so steep that they returned, while the priests of Moloch succeeded in inducing others to abandon it and come back into the valley. There was another way near this which was said to be not so difficult, and yet to conduct to the same end. This was called the way of *Temperate Use*; but experience had proved that all who had taken that path, every one returned by a circuitous route into the valley. In truth the old man said that the path wound among the hills and vallies of Good Resolution, till it suddenly terminated near the Temple of Moloch. I saw many other ways which the inhabitants said led out of the valley—there was the Wine Bibber's road—the Beer Bibber's road, &c. but no one was more frequented than the road they called the "Celebrated Bitters." My guide said many went in this road till they were bewildered on the mountains, and finally came down again through the valley of Occasional Drunkards and Poverty Hollow, into the Valley of the Son of Hinnom.

As we came near the Temple, we found the way crowded with women and children, whose protectors were gone to worship, and who had been made to pass through the fire according to the rites of the Demon. Near the Temple there was a broad road, into which these women and children turned, after having seen those they loved enter the Temple from which but few ever returned. This broad road was called "The way to the Alms-House," and this was the last refuge of these victims of crime.

Curious to witness the worship, with my guide I entered the Temple. It was a spacious edifice erected expressly for the rites of worship. Into this each devotee was ushered, and as soon as he entered he directed his steps toward the place where stood the Demon. This was in a corner of the room fenced off and walled around, and no one was permitted to enter save the priest alone. When the devotees approached the priest, they bowed low, and presenting a small piece of money, they were permitted to come near and receive a certain quantity of liquor as a token that the divinity approved and accepted their

devotion. After quaffing the delicious beverage, they again bowed and retired. Others then approached and sacrificed.—By and by the first worshippers, finding their zeal kindled by the potation they swallowed, again approached the consecrated spot, again bowed, offered money, drank and retired.—This they did repeatedly, till they appeared to be perfectly frenzied, and after shouting, and dancing, and frequently beating and bruising each other, they sank exhausted to repose.

When they rose the next day, it was to enact the same scenes and to end in the same manner, till at length, worn out in the service of the Demon, they were carried away towards the lower end of the valley which was covered with impenetrable darkness, and I saw them no more. C. S.

Reformation of Drunkards.

N. has a wife and pretty large family, but alas! poor man, like many others, he was much given to strong drink. His earnings were very considerable, in the situation in which he was employed, yet, strange to say, he offered almost every shilling of his wages at the shrine of Bacchus. Scarcely a halfpenny could ever he spare, to feed or clothe himself, wife or children, which was evident from their appearance. Frequently, when leaving the tavern, the pavement which he instinctively found, was by far too narrow for him; he was, therefore, under the necessity of taking the causeway. It was no uncommon occurrence to see him carried by the arms and legs, to his domicil and the bosom of his family. Since joining our society, he is quite an altered, sober man, to his honour be it said. As a servant, he is now more respected, and more confidence is reposed in him. His family is more comfortable, better clothed and fed—they receive his income. He himself has quite another appearance. A spirit dealer, to whom he had been a good customer formerly, some time ago accosted him thus, in passing his door—"N. you have got a fine coat on, I think." "Yes," replied he, "my dramming has often helped you to purchase your new coats, but now, since I have joined the Temperance Society, I have bought one for myself, for it was very needful."

Decisive Facts.

In one of the towns in this county, ten men entered the meadow to labour during one of the warmest days of the last

summer. Nine of them used ardent spirits; the remaining one adopted the principle of entire abstinence. Of the nine who drank spirit, eight sunk under the pressure of heat, whilst the poor "cold-water-disciple," possessing but an ordinary constitution, sustained the accumulated weight of both, performed a good day's work, and returned home with cheerful feelings, prepared to enjoy his repose in its season, and enter upon the duties of the coming day. The one who used ardent spirit and continued to labour until night, possessed great strength, and an unusually firm constitution. Another farmer about the same time had six men labouring in his fields, three of whom drank spirit; the remaining three, though not all of them 'cold-water-disciples,' chose another and more nourishing beverage. The whole of the three who resorted to the bottle, found ere the sun had reached mid heaven, that they had leaned upon a broken reed; that 'good old Jamaica' consumed instead of increasing their strength, and were obliged to retire from the field, and leave the remaining three to perform the work of six.

THE WORM OF THE STILL.

I have found what the learn'd seem'd so puzzled to tell—
The true shape of the Devil, and where is his cell;
Into serpents, of old, crept the author of ill,
But Satan works now as a worm of the still.

Of all his migrations, this last he likes best:
How the arrogant reptile here raises his crest!
His head winding up from the tail of his plan,
Till the worm stands erect o'er the prostrated man.

Here he joys to transform, by his magical spell,
The sweet milk of the earth to the essence of hell;
Fermenting our food, and corrupting our grain,
To famish the stomach, and madden the brain.

By his water of life, what distraction and fear!
By the gloom of its light, what pale spectres appear!
A demon keeps time on his fiddle finance,
While his passions spring up in a horrible dance!

Then prone on the earth, they adore in the dust,
A man's baser half, rais'd, in room of his bust,

Such orgies the nights of the drunkard display,
But how black with *ennui*, how benighted his day!

With drams it begins, and with drams must it end;
A dram is his country, his mistress, his friend;
Till the ossified heart hates itself at the last,
And the dram nerves his hand for a death-doing blast.

Mark the monster, that mother, that shame, and that curse!
See the child hang dead drunk at the breast of its nurse!
As it drops from her arm, mark her stupified stare!
Then she wakes with a yell, and a shriek of despair.

Drink, O! drink deep, from this chrystalline round,
Till the tortures of self-recollection are drown'd;
Till the hopes of thy heart be all stiffen'd to stone—
Then sit down in the dirt like a quean on her throne.

No phrenzy for freedom to flash o'er the brain,
Thou shalt dance to the musical clank of the chain;
A crown of cheap straw shall seem rich in thine eye,
And peace and good order shall reign in the sty!

Nor boast that no track of the viper is seen,
To stain thy pure surface of beautiful green;
For the serpent will never want poison to kill,
While the fat of your fields feeds the worm of the still!

THE BANNER OF TEMPERANCE.

The Banner of Temperance now is displayed,
And thousands around it with zeal are arrayed,
Determined the monster to slay—
The monster, who long has spread ruin and death,
Polluted the air, with its pestilent breath,
Of our land, once temp'rate and gay.

This monster is Drunkenness, stalking abroad,
A foe to the precepts of man and of God,
Who blasts the fair land which we love.
His dark *fiendish* doings, who doth not deplore,
And seek his expulsion from Columbia's famed shore,
That peace may our sorrows remove?

Ye patriots who glory in freedom's great cause!
Ye Christians, who rev'rence your Maker's high laws;

Whate'er be your rank or your creed:
Ye pastors and people—come, join in this war,
And widows and orphans now sunk in despair,
No longer with anguish shall bleed!

Religion, humanity, virtue invite
To join in this struggle, this glorious fight,
Which Heaven beholds with its smile:
Its banners are bloodless; it causeth no ill,
But seeketh the dark raging passions to still,
And root out the hateful and vile!

Ye friends of fair Temperance, O be not dismayed!
The wicked and vicious, these will be arrayed
Against you, with hatred and scorn;
And others, whose names are with justice revered,
E'en these, have amongst your opponents appear'd,
But in this do they virtue adorn!

The deep-rolling waves of the nations afar,
The mustering of squadrons for havock and war,
Foretell of a hurricane wild!
America, my country! repent of thy crime;
Intemp'rance hath *stain'd thee*, to earth's farthest clime;
For this thou art justly reviled.

Great God! in thy mercy still smile on our land;
Avert the dark cloud; may thy all-gracious hand
Be stretch'd out, our country to save!
O! listen to those who devoutly to Thee,
Both morning and evening bend humbly the knee,
In prayer for the Home of the Brave.

Then, then shall the Star Spangled Banner be seen,
In glory and beauty; then, comfort serene
Shall gladden the palace and cot;
Then, wide shall the voice of rejoicing be heard,
And nations shall bow to the "life-giving" Word,
While angels exult o'er our lot!

BRITISH TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

The first European Temperance Society was established at New Ross, in Ireland, in 1829, by the exertion of G. W. Carr.

In England, there are now more than 400 societies, and more than 80,000 members. In Ireland, 20,000 members.

In Scotland, about 400 societies, and 54,000 members.

The Canadas and other distant colonies, comprise several thousand members, so that the entire number of British subjects pledged to total abstinence, exceeds 150,000.

Yet the evil is in a great measure untouched. The quantity of spirit which pays duty for home consumption in Great Britain, is from year to year increasing. According to Parliamentary returns, it amounted in 1833, to 25,932,494 gallons at proof, which, with the addition of one-sixth for the reduction of strength by the retailers, amounted to £18,429,331, 5s. 10d. —and this sum does not include any part of the many millions of gallons known to be illicitly distilled, or imported without paying duty.

During the year 1833, 29,880 persons were taken into custody by the metropolitan police for drunkenness alone, not including any of the numerous cases in which assaults and more serious offences were committed under the influence of drink: and it should be observed that this statement relates only to the suburbs of London, without any calculation for the thousands of cases in the city itself.

The poor rate and county tax for England and Wales amount to £8,000,000, of which £5,000,000 are occasioned solely by drinking; add this to the cost of the liquor and we have £18,429,331 5s. 10d. for the direct expense. This, in only twenty years, amounts to *three hundred and seventy-five millions pounds sterling*, in which nothing is included for the enormous waste of property occasioned by the consumption of wine and beer, tobacco, and other stimulants and narcoticks, all useless and all hurtful—nothing for expenses of prosecutions—the injury done to trade—the loss of shipping, and the notorious destruction of property in other ways.

These results, if less cheering than have been obtained in this country, have established in a few minds, entire confidence in the proposed plan of relief. Our brethren of the old world, it is well known, are less prompt in adopting new expedients, less willing to depart from established usages, than we are; yet a great impression has been produced, and if we should happily shake off certain other vicious habits which now impair the force of our example, we may hope to lead in the moral, as to some extent we have done in the political renovation of the world.—*Amer. Temp. Intel.*